# Next Month

***and later***

### KEEP YOUR CONVICTS

*Christopher Rollman*

"I employ over 1,100 men, and there isn't an ex-convict among them. There isn't going to be an ex-convict among them. I will not hire a man who has served time in an American penitentiary and I do not care whose endorsement is behind him. I do not care if he was unjustly imprisoned and if his sponsors come to me with the proof that he was unjustly imprisoned. Whatever his story, if he has served time in prison I do not want him." With these words an American industrialist opens a smashing attack on our prison system and methods. What is the use of spending any time, money, or effort at all on improving that system and those methods if we do not meet the requirements of the men from whom our "rehabilitated" prisoners must seek a living when they are released?

### ARE WOMEN ENSLAVING MEN?

*Elsa Gidlow*

For centuries, since the cave men made their "proposals" by kidnaping the ladies of their choice, the male sex has been dominant in society. Whenever the gals have become restless and threatened to abandon their traditional safe, domestic pursuits, the men have alternately bullied and cajoled them into submission, trapping them into economic dependency by luring them into raising families. But now, believes Miss Gidlow, the tide is beginning to turn; the ladies will no longer be balked. She feels a little sorry for the men — they are such fools — and in kindly fashion warns them that this rebellion will be subtle, not brazen, and that they are just going to wake up some cloudy morning and find themselves taking orders.

### WHY I AM A PAGAN

*Lin Yutang*

Lin Yutang was the son of a Christian pastor and for a time was brought up for the ministry. Always, however, he had been puzzled by inconsistencies and unnecessary complications he thought his religion contained; and eventually he was "saved," as he puts it, into paganism. Why, he inquires, shouldn't a man live a good life because he wants to live a good life? Is it necessary to confound this not unreasonable desire with a lot of hypothetical postulates about sin, redemption, and laying up treasure in heaven?


# F O R U M

***and Century***

**HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor***


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# THE BOOK FORUM

## *Conducted by* M. M. C.

**JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON** — James Boswell, edited by Frederick A. Pottle & Charles H. Bennett (Viking $5.00 & $25.00).

**NO PEACE WITH NAPOLEON** — General de Caulaincourt, translated & edited by George Libaire (Morrow, $3.00).

**REASONS FOR ANGER** — Robert Briffault (Simon & Schuster, $2.50).

**SEVEN YEARS' HARVEST: NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE** — Henry Seidel Canby (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50).

**IN PURSUIT OF LAUGHTER** — Agnes Repplier (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75).

**THE WORLD AROUND US** — Paul Karlson (Simon & Schuster, $3.75).

How many readers of these columns realize what a wonderful mind the eighteenth-century mind was? The cultivated eighteenth-century mind, I mean. Fed on the classics, it was mellow and unruffled and, in its public behavior, magnanimous. In two books before us we have samples of this: there is the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Samuel Johnson*, by James Boswell, and there is *No Peace with Napoleon*, by General de Caulaincourt.

Was it Chesterton who said that in all literature there is just one biographer, his name James Boswell, and that he died leaving no descendants? Of course Boswell was a sort of exhibitionist, and he did not mind making a fool of himself. Neither did Samuel Pepys nor the George Moore of *Hail and Farewell*. Each of these foolish exhibitionists somehow managed to write books that are unique. And is there a pleasanter way for a lady or gentleman of mellow mind to pass an evening than in the company of any of them?

*Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* is a sort of study for the great *Life* that Boswell was afterwards to write. He had known Dr. Johnson (it is odd to find him plain "Mr." Johnson in these pages) for some years before he persuaded him to go on a pilgrimage to the island of Iona — a pilgrimage that would be the equivalent of an expedition into the remote parts of Lapland for a Londoner of today. The resulting *Journal* is less a travel book than a memoir written on the march. Boswell did not care so much about the places they saw as he cared about what Johnson thought of them, so he didn't bother to go into the descriptive line. He tells us about the people they met, especially the people who were well enough off to entertain them. They spent an evening at the house of the great Scottish noble, the Duke of Argyll, whose beautiful duchess was one of the Gunning sisters; she did her best to snub the irrepressible Boswell, and he notes it all down with the accuracy of a realist novelist interested in the factual representation of a little comedy.

That he was made ridiculous did not matter to Boswell. Wherever Johnson was was the most important place in the universe at the moment; what he really wanted is revealed in this sentence: "I shall lay up authentic materials for the Life of Samuel Johnson LL.D. and if I survive him, I shall be the one who shall most faithfully do honor to his memory." Could hero worship go further? The result is two of the most delightful books in the world. The *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* was published in Boswell's lifetime in an elegantly refined version, with a good deal of Boswell's foolish self-revelations left out: they are all included in this lively book, which is from a manuscript fished out of a croquet box in Malahide Castle.

That delightful eighteenth-century mind takes another shape in Caulaincourt's *No Peace with Napoleon*. Here we have the mind in action at that stage of civilization before humanity was infected with industrialism, nationalism, pragmatism, the decay of religious discipline. It is also humanity at that most fascinating stage of its development, the period of great belief in the primacy of reason; and what a grand period it was.

When this memoir opens the troops of the Allies — Austria, England, Prussia, and Russia — are on the French side of the Rhine, and the Russians are in Paris. The end of Napoleon and of the French domination of Europe is in sight. But how magnanimous everybody is! No treaties of Versailles or things like that — no talk of punishing or humiliating the French people. Alexander, Metternich, Talleyrand, and even Castlereagh seem to have thought first of all about the peace of Europe. But they all wanted to separate Napoleon from France; the fear of a great man is greater than the fear of a great country. They were all quite willing to leave France a great and wealthy power.

Caulaincourt was a real writer; the narrative has the interest, the suspense, the intimacy, the sense of great happenings that make a memorable story. The climax of the narrative is where Napoleon attempts to poison himself, and the crisis is where Caulaincourt, Ney, and Macdonald, negotiating with the Czar, witness Alexander's being informed that Napoleon's Sixth Army has gone over to the Austrians. After that everything dissolves. A really interesting and exciting book, revealing a psychological power very like that of Stendhal.

We make a startling transit when we pass from the reasonableness of the eighteenth-century mind to the contemporary communist mind as revealed in Robert Briffault's *Reasons for Anger*. Briffault's is a very curious and not unrepresentative modern case. He has written a book, *The Mothers*, a work of anthropological research which seems to be accepted by people who know as a contribution to human history. Then he wrote a novel, *Europa*, a second-rate best seller purporting to deal in an authoritative manner with the decline of Europe. Its pretentiousness, prejudices, and ignorance of European manners in the class he attempted to portray were startling to find in the writing of an investigator of any repute. And this volume of essays, *Reasons for Anger*, gives us the same impression of unaccountability that *Europa* did.

Some of the essays are informing and reasonable: for instance, the long essay "Family Sentiments" really suggests an unbiased investigator. But when he talks about the "idiocies" of Dr. Millikan, who received the Nobel Prize for determining the charge of the electron, we have a worried feeling that maybe the idiocies are Briffault's.

It is very hard to understand why a man who writes like Briffault should be a communist and why he should perpetrate the astonishing statement that the mind of the common man in Russia today is "as superior to the twisted and crippled mind of the denizen of a capitalist liberal democracy as the brain of the mammal was superior to the saurian's." Why should Briffault think he is doing anything for human liberation when he writes with the intemperance of a soapbox orator?

It is with relief that we turn from such diatribes to a wise and tolerant book, *Seven Years' Harvest: Notes on Contemporary Literature*, by Henry Seidel Canby, a book informed by good sense, knowledge, love of ideas, and a sense of fair play. Fifty per cent of the writing on literature at the present time are characterized by what the ancient theologians used to call "invincible ignorance." But in this book we have the writing of a man who knows the classics of literature and who knows, too, that they were not always

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## The Book Forum

classical, that on the first appearance of many of them they were regarded as a bit on the raw side. So he can look on O'Neill, Hemingway, Faulkner, Robinson Jeffers with sympathy and hopefulness for he can see in them something that in the end — who knows? — may make them classics. When he reveals reasons for disapproving he is never carping; he points out the weaknesses of Faulkner, O'Neill, Hemingway, or Jeffers only after he has shown the promise and power that is in their various works.

A striking section of this book is made up of "Estimates of the Dead," in which he discusses the productions of writers recently dead and whose work is in need of revaluation — Rudyard Kipling, John Galsworthy, Colonel Lawrence, Peter Finley Dunne. The estimates he makes of these writers may not be final, but, at the moment, they seem sound judgments. Like a great many men of his generation, Henry Seidel Canby has a real admiration for the creator of Mr. Dooley. He sees the Dooley dialogues as "each perfectly constructed with a twist at the end as incomparable as the last line of a sonnet." Unaffected by contemporary whims and fashions he can afford to admire Galsworthy's Forsyths. He recognizes that they are pure English and that this racial quality is very rarely found now in novels: the English stock is getting all mixed up with other strains, and an English writer with the undiluted English tradition in his body and bones is a *rara avis*. "The Forsyths . . . are geological and have in them the secrets of racial evolution. . . . Like Hardy's peasants and Shakespeare's Mercutios, Hotspurs and Falstaffs, they are so racial that they can afford to be individualists."

ANOTHER book of essays distinguished for knowledge and tolerance is Agnes Repplier's *In Pursuit of Laughter*. This book is really a miscellany of sketches in honor of such grand people as Sheridan, Theodore Hook, Charles II, Gilbert and Sullivan, and dozens of others. Agnes Repplier writes about the Middle Ages, when laughter did not have to be pursued; she writes about the Elizabethan age, when laughter was being diminished; she writes about Charles II's time, when there was a desperate effort to get laughter back; she writes about the great nineteenth-century humorists — all of them, from Dickens to Mark Twain.

*In Pursuit of Laughter* is altogether a delightfully civilized book; its author is a salonnière surviving into our time: her writing is like the good conversation that might have been heard at Madame du Deffand's. Her sort of wit may be gauged by a remark she makes about Sheridan: "Yet he had abundant energy, and was industrious, his only labor-saving device being to leave his letters unopened; for this no humane man will blame him; but it was an expedient which eventually leads to confusion." With all her gifts, it is noticeable that Miss Repplier's mind is not attuned to poetry: she mangles hopelessly a beautiful verse of Dryden's which she essays to quote.

THERE is hardly a month that we do not get from a publisher an interesting book on some branch of science written in a way that an ordinary intelligent reader can understand. Still, we don't like our science to be too light-hearted and we hereby protest against further tendencies in that direction. In Paul Karlson's *The World around Us*, just as we get all worked up about an electron or an atom, the professor introduces a funny picture which not only has the effect of showing the disintegration of an atom but which also disintegrates the reader's attention. But, taking it all in all, *The World around Us* has a pleasant way of making us feel at home in the modern physicist's world, which will be the world of our children. How differently poetry and art generally will be when the information in this book and one we reviewed last month, *The Renaissance of Physics*, becomes part of the ordinary mentality.


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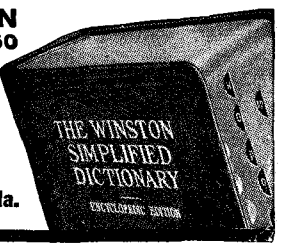



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# News of New Books

THE FORUM shares the general pleasure in the fact that the Nobel award for literature has this year been given to Eugene O'Neill. To repeat a judgment from an earlier issue, if there are any men of genius in the theater today, he is one of them. It may be that his valuable plays could fit within the covers of a small book; but if a reader interested in drama found in one volume *The Emperor Jones*, *Anna Christie*, and *Ah, Wilderness!* he could not help coming to the conclusion that Eugene O'Neill's position in the world of the theater is a special one. And he would be right.

There is a drive in his plays that brought back to the stage an excitement that had long been absent from it, and he has made a wholehearted attempt, even a fanatical attempt, to discover theatrical values that go with the modern world. He has a quality of intensity such as no other living writer for the stage has. This intensity of his has been his glory, and at the same time it has been a trap for his mind. For when the sort of intensity that is in *Anna Christie* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* is turned on rather futile material, such as *The Great God Brown* and *Marco's Millions*, the intensity makes the futility seem all the greater.

Eugene O'Neill has had that great advantage of a dramatist, an early knowledge of the theater. But it was unlucky for a man of his peculiar powers that he was not thrown also amongst authentic writers, real craftsmen of letters, among whom he could have had a chance of learning his job as a writer and of grasping writing values. His defects are practically all owing to an insufficient power of coping with language, to an insufficient sense of the value and potentialities of words. Some of his most interesting ideas, some of his most original character effects become befogged in his attempts to transmute them into utterance.

It is of interest to note that two successive Nobel awards have gone to men of the theater. In 1934 (there was no award last year) Pirandello was the recipient of the Nobel Prize. Both these dramatists have certain points in common. Both secure effects by a sort of dramatic casuistry that would make a dramatist like Ibsen tear his beard. Both shade off from what is centrally and characteristically theatrical to what is theatrically ingenious. Pirandello is a pure intellectual; and, with a pure intellectual in any sort of writing that comes under the heading of literature, I for one have but little patience. That O'Neill is much the greater of the two dramatists I have not a doubt.

(*Beginning on page 33, Mary M. Colum discusses the new books listed below.*)

**A WORLD I NEVER MADE** — James T. Farrell (Vanguard, $2.50).

**THE TALLONS** — William March (Random House, $2.50).

**ABSALOM, ABSALOM!** — William Faulkner (Random House, $2.50 & $5.00).

**THE SECRET JOURNEY** — James Hanley (Macmillan, $2.50).

**AMERICAN TESTAMENT** — Joseph Freeman (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00).

**MOVERS AND SHAKERS** — Mabel Dodge Luhan (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00).

# *NEWS of New Books*

(Courtesy *The Publishers' Weekly*)

**Death Valley Prospectors,** by Dane Coolidge (Dutton, $2.50). An authentic, colorful account of the history of the Death Valley region of California, by the author of many western stories, whose latest book of nonfiction was *Fighting Men of the West.*

**Laughing Gas,** by P. G. Wodehouse (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). In the well-known Wodehouse manner is unfolded the fantastic tale of what happened to a young English aristocrat among the movie magnates and feminine stars of Hollywood.

**Six Against Scotland Yard** — (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). A combination detective story which employs the talents of such well-known English writers of crime tales as Margery Allingham, Anthony Berkeley, Freeman Wills Crofts, Father Ronald Knox, Dorothy Sayers, and Russell Thorndike.

**When Night Descends,** by Edgar Calmer (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). The fourth selection of The Discoverers. It is a dramatic story of the adventures that befall four members of a New York City family, living on relief, between sunset and dawn on a single summer night.

**Beloved Friend,** by Barbara von Meck & Catherine Drinker Bowen (Random House, $3.00). A biography of Tchaikovsky, centering about the years of his romance with Nadejda von Meck, by the author of *Friends and Fiddlers* in collaboration with a member of the von Meck family.

**Not so Deep as a Well,** by Dorothy Parker (Viking, $2.50 & $6.00). An omnibus which includes new poems as well as the author's three previously published books of poetry, *Enough Rope, Sunset Gun,* and *Death and Taxes.*

**War Memoirs of David Lloyd George,** Volume V, by David Lloyd George (Little, Brown, $3.00). This is the

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## News of New Books

volume which caused an international stir when it was published in England, a short time ago, because of its criticism of General Pershing.

**The Queen's Doctor,** by Robert Neumann (Knopf, $2.50). An historical novel based on the career of Frederick Struensee, doctor, dictator, and lover, in eighteenth-century Denmark. By a well-known European writer, the author of *Zaharoff*.

**The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams,** edited by Ward Thoron (Little, Brown, $5.00). Supplementing *The Education of Henry Adams* and *The Letters of Henry Adams,* this volume will appeal to libraries and collectors of American history and literature. The letters written by the wife of the famous American cover the eleven years of their married life.

**The Anniversary Murder,** by Eden Philpotts (Dutton, $2.00). The story of two murders, by a well-known English writer is principally the study of a strangely warped genius called Dr. McOstrich.

**The Whispering Window,** by Cortland Fitzsimmons (Stokes, $2.00). A new mystery by the author of *70,000 Witnesses*.

**The Borzoi Reader,** edited by Carl Van Doren (Knopf, $3.50). An omnibus including complete novels by Cather, Mann, Wylie, Garnett, and Hergesheimer; the play *Of Thee I Sing;* essays; poetry; short stories; and Thomas Beer's biography of Stephen Crane.

**Jill Somerset,** by Alec Waugh (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). A story of the emotional crises in the life of an "ordinary" woman who is honest, straightforward, and intelligent. The book, by the author of *The Balliols*, covers the period from 1913 to 1936.

**A New American History,** by W. E. Woodward (Farrar & Rinehart, $4.00). The growth of America, written for the general reader, in which the author endeavors to avoid all the legendary material that has accumulated around the history of our country and present the unbiased facts.

**Rich Man, Poor Man,** by Janet Ayer Fairbank (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). *The Bright Land* was Mrs. Fairbank's most recent best seller. Her new story centers around a descendant of the family featured in one of her best-known earlier novels, *The Smiths*. It covers a mass of events and characters during the past 25 years in America.

**Ski Tracks,** edited by Charles & Percy Olton (Morrow, $3.00). A photographic picture book of the sport of skiing in America, designed by Gordon Aymar, who also laid out the notable *Yachts under Sail*.

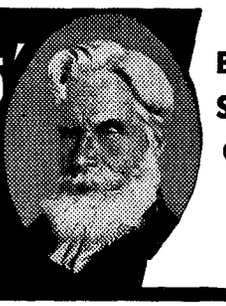
**Where the Weak Grow Strong,** by Eugene Armfield (Covici-Friede, $2.50). Eugene Armfield is a North Carolinian who describes in this novel the life of a North Carolina town back in the days of 1912. He has tried to focus interest on the whole town and a host of characters, rather than on particular heroes or heroines.

**In the Steps of Saint Paul,** by H. V. Morton (Dodd, Mead, $2.50). The author has retraced, with his camera, the journeys of St. Paul through Asia Minor and along the Mediterranean. A successor to *In the Steps of the Master*.

**I'm Looking for a Book,** by Amy Loveman (Dodd, Mead, $2.00). An outgrowth of the author's department in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, which should appeal to librarians, club program makers, and others who have to give advice or who want advice on books and reading.

**I Found No Peace,** by Webb Miller (Simon & Schuster, $3.50). Newspaper adventure to add to the growing ranks of books produced by American correspondents like Vincent Sheean, Negley Farson, and Walter Duranty. Webb Miller of the United Press has covered many of the trouble spots of the world during the past few decades, although he claims to have longed for a Thoreau-like existence.


HAVELOCK ELLIS'
PSYCHOLOGY OF
SEX



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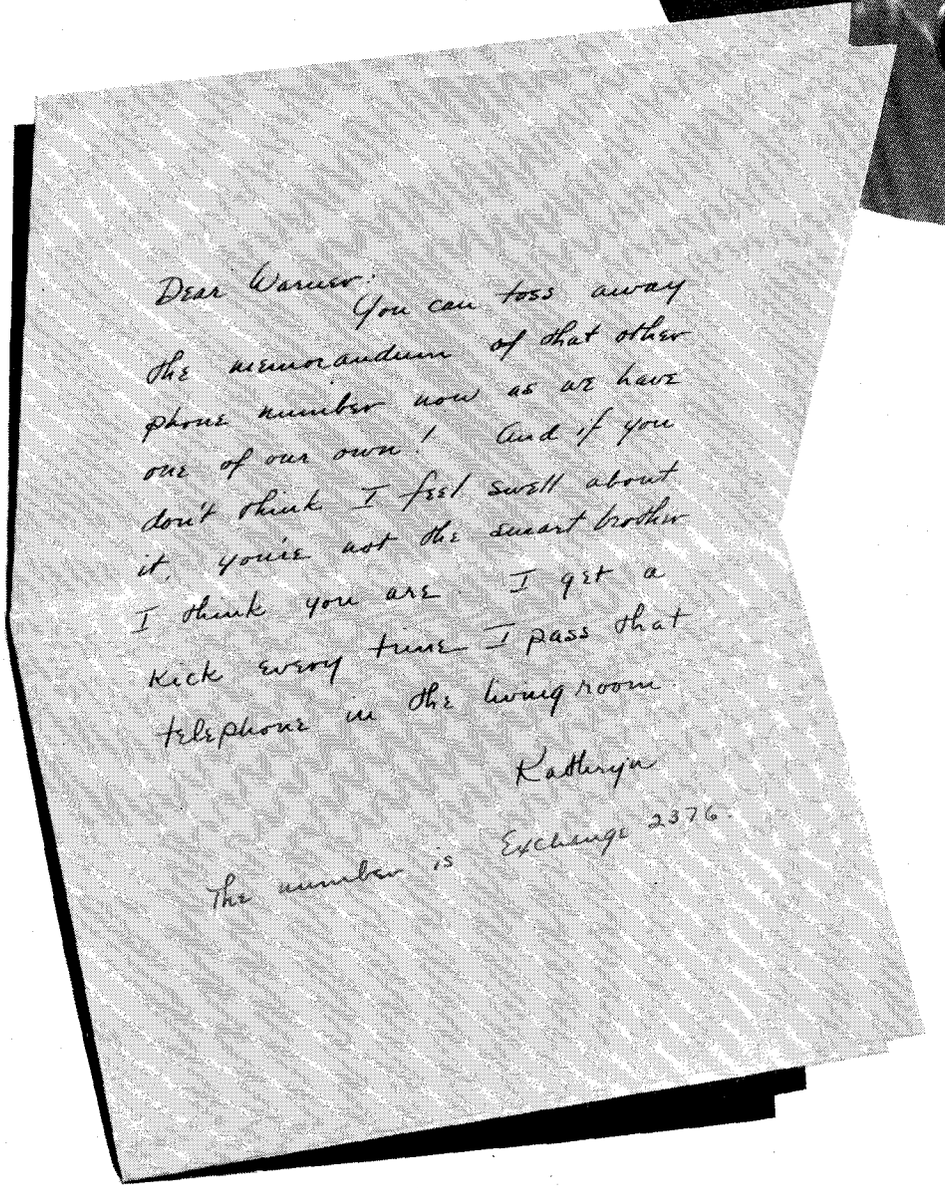
# A Happy New Year for Kathryn


Dear Warner:
You can toss away the memorandum of that other phone number now as we have one of our own! And if you don't think I feel swell about it, you're not the smart brother I think you are. I get a kick every time I pass that telephone in the living room.
Kathryn
The number is Exchange 2376.

THAT'S a real letter—written by a real Kathryn—to her brother. You can read her happiness in every line. She's mighty glad to have the telephone back.

And so are a great many other men and women these days. About 850,000 new telephones have been installed in the past year.

That means more than just having a telephone within reach. It means keeping the family circle unbroken—contacts with people—gaiety, solace, friendship. It means greater comfort, security; quick aid in emergency.

Whether it be the grand house on the hill or the cottage in the valley, there's more happiness for everybody when there's a telephone in the home.

The Bell System employs more men and women than any other business organization in the United States. The total is now close to 300,000. Good business for the telephone company is a sign of good business throughout the country.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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F O R U M

and Century

JANUARY, 1937 VOL. XCVII, NO. 1

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# Humility Has Its Victories

## Editorial Foreword

As THIS IS written the eyes of the world are turned less on the civil slaughter in Spain than toward the conference on peace at Buenos Aires, where representatives of 21 American republics are discussing ways and means to insure peace for the Americas and, perhaps, by good example, quiet the preparations for war in other quarters of the globe. This conference is made more significant than any preceding congress of the Americas by the personal presence of the President of the United States in South America.

The Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace will no doubt prove to be more of a beginning than an ending. Whatever programs for implementing peace are adopted will be disappointing to extremists. Every variety of opinion is represented at Buenos Aires. American women are there who would vote to sink all battleships and disband all armies. South American fascists are there who believe that ties between South American nations and fascist countries of Europe are closer than those that draw them to North America. These groups will be disappointed as well as those who wish to set up a western league of nations.

But the conference at Buenos Aires cannot fail to be of immeasurable good far beyond any new mechanism of peace that may be set up. Peace can be insured not by treaties only or limitation of armaments or courts of justice. More fundamental is the education of the private citizen and the will to be a good neighbor in the private home. The friendliness of two continents which meet with earnest smiles in the Argentine Republic will be transmuted into a popular purpose for peace which will reach every home, however remote, from the peaks of the Andes and the Rockies down to the coasts of the Pacific and the Atlantic. Those who believe that war is necessary for national integrity or racial hygiene are in a minority at Buenos Aires. The peoples of the Western Hemisphere are determined to be rid internally of incidents like the Chaco blood bath and externally of the danger of war with other continents.

### BOLIVAR'S PROPHECY

THE CONFERENCE at Buenos Aires is a symbol of the peaceful challenge of democracy, the democracy of the Americas, to the communism and fascism of Europe and to the imperialism of Asia and Africa. Back in 1818 Simon Bolivar, whose word is as sacred in South America as that of Washington in the United States, made this memorable statement:

> When more favorable circumstances afford us more frequent communications and closer relations, we shall hasten, with the liveliest interest, to set on foot, on our part, the American covenant which, by forming one political body of all our republics, shall present America to the world with an aspect of majesty and greatness without parallel among the ancient nations. America, thus united, will be able to call herself the queen of nations, the mother of republics.

We are moving slowly but irresistibly toward a realization of Bolivar's dream. "More frequent communications" unknown in Bolivar's day — automobile, radio, airplane — bring



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Alaska close to Argentina. Presently travel by air will be safe and frequent, and great highways will stretch the length of the two continents. Politically a part of Bolivar's dream is already realized. For only one type of government — democracy — rules the entire Western Hemisphere from the Arctic to the Antarctic.

False pride in the past has blocked the intimate relations of North and South America. The assumption of superiority on both sides has been too pronounced. When Harvard University celebrated her tercentenary, Peruvians remembered that their University of San Marcos was more than half a century older. The superciliousness of American businessmen toward our Hispanic-speaking neighbors was proverbial and won us the derisive title, Colossus of the North. Even the Monroe Doctrine seemed a gesture of arrogance. Some years ago, at a time when relations between the United States and Mexico were strained I called on one of our officials in Mexico City. He represented the old hard-boiled school. "The only way we can impress Latin-Americans," he said, "is by battleships." The same day I called on a Mexican official who offered quite another solution. "We are a proud people, and you persist in offending us. There is one simple way to eliminate all these disputes between our peoples. Tell your president to send us an envoy who appreciates our importance to you. We believe that our proximity and resources make us as important to you as is Great Britain. Send us a great American, one whom we consider equal in every way to the men you send to the Court of Saint James." A few years after that, Dwight Morrow was representing us in Mexico City. Barriers between Mexico and the United States that seemed insurmountable had disappeared before his friendly smile.

It was Elihu Root who enunciated in words that will endure through the twentieth century the new doctrine of self-respecting humility for the Americas when he declared at the third Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro:

> We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guarantee of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights or privileges or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic.

Precept has gradually been followed by action. United States marines have been withdrawn from Nicaragua and Haiti. Happily in all the Americas at the present time the troops of no nation are camping on foreign soil.

Perhaps the time has come to make the Monroe Doctrine the common property of all the American republics, multilateral rather than unilateral. The initiative for this must arise, of course, not from us but from South America.

We all hope that the conference at Buenos Aires will go further than resolutions of good will and improve still more on the existing implements of peace. The Americas need a general statement of the principles of neutrality to keep us free of the new wars that threaten to embroil us on other continents. The various pacts that provide for arbitration should be simplified and made uniform for all the 21 American republics.

### All-American Tariffs

One constructive result of the conference we can feel assured. The bilateral tariff treaties initiated by Mr. Hull have proved instantly successful in increasing trade and good will between the United States and every nation with whom they have been signed. Conversations at Buenos Aires will accelerate the completion of tariff treaties with the South American republics. No doubt they will facilitate trade treaties between the various Hispanic-American nations and between these countries and nations of other continents.

The natural wealth of South America is scarcely touched. Businessmen of the United States are now approaching the knowledge of that condition with courtesy and humility instead of arrogance. Our officials know that the spirit of the good neighbor does not preclude intelligent self-interest. An inter-American trade boom of gigantic proportions is possible.

But without peace prosperity is impotent, however keen the initiative of a nation. It has been suggested that we set up in Washington a Secretary of Peace. Far better would be an Inter-American Secretariat of Peace, a permanent staff of devoted and competent experts maintaining instant telephonic communication with every responsible government in the Western Hemisphere.

Henry Goddard Leach



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# Back To Whiskers

*by* **P. G. WODEHOUSE**

IT IS PRETTY generally agreed, I think — and what I think today Manchester thinks tomorrow — that something has got to be done to restore vigor and vitality to literary criticism. There was a time, not so long ago, when reviewers were reviewers. They lived on raw meat and spoke their minds, and an author who published a book did so at his own risk. If he got by without severe contusions of his self-esteem, he knew that he must be pretty good. And if the reception of his first novel left him feeling as if he had been drawn through a wringer or forcibly unclothed in public, that was an excellent thing for his Art. It put him on his toes. If he had the stuff, he persevered. If he had not, he gave it up.

Today, the question, "Have you read any good books lately?" is one which it is impossible to answer. There are no good books nowadays — only superb books, astounding books, genuine masterpieces, and books which we are not ashamed to say brought tears to our eyes.

Some people (who ought to be ashamed of themselves) say that the reason for this tidal wave of sweetness and amiability is the fact that reviewers today are all novelists themselves. Old Bill, they claim, who does the literary page of the *Scrutineer*, is not going to jump on Old Joe's *Sundered Souls* when he knows that his own *Storm over Flatbush* is coming out next week and that Joe runs the book column of the *Spokesman*.

This, of course, is not so. Nobody who really knows novelists and their flaming integrity would believe it for a moment. It is with genuine surprise that William, having added *Sundered Souls* to the list of the world's masterpieces, finds that Joseph, a week later, has done the same by *Storm over Flatbush*. An odd coincidence, he feels.

No, the root of the whole trouble is that critics today, with the exception of a few of the younger set who have a sort of unpleasant downy growth alongside the ears, are all clean-shaven.

Whether the old critics were bitter because they had beards or grew beards because they were bitter is beside the point. The fact remains that all the great literary rows you read of were between bearded men, whiskered men, critics who looked like burst horsehair sofas, and novelists who had forgotten to shave for years. The Edinburgh reviewers were beavers to a man.

The connection between whiskers and caustic criticism is not hard to see. There is probably nothing which so soothes a man and puts him in a frame of mind to see only good in everything as a nice clean shave. He feels his smooth pink cheeks, and the milk of human kindness begins to gurgle within him. What a day! he says, as he looks out of the window. What a kipper! he says, as he starts his breakfast. And if he is a literary critic, What a book! he feels, as he picks up the latest ghastly effort of some author who ought to be selling coals instead of writing novels.

### LONG WHISKER — SHORT TEMPER

BUT LET a man omit to shave, even for a single day, and mark the result. He feels hot and scrubby. Within twelve hours his outlook



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has become jaundiced and captious. If his interests lie in the direction of politics, he goes out and throws a bomb at someone. If he is an employer of labor, he starts a lockout. If he is a critic, he sits down to write his criticism with the determination that the author shall know that he has been in a fight.

You have only to look about you to appreciate the truth of this. All whiskered things are short-tempered — pumas, wildcats, Bernard Shaw, and — in the mating season — shrimps. Can you imagine a nation of spruce, clean-shaven Bolsheviks smelling of bay rum? Would Ben Jonson have knifed a man on account of some literary disagreement if he had not been bearded to the eyebrows?

There is only one thing to be done. We must go back to whiskers. And there must be no half-measures. It is not enough for a critic to have a beard like Frank Swinnerton's, which, though technically a beard, is not bushy enough to sour the natural kindliness of his disposition. We must have the old Assyrian stuff, the sort of beards Hebrew minor prophets wore — great cascading, spade-shaped things such as the great Victorians grew (whether under glass or not has never been ascertained).

I realize that I shall suffer myself by the change. There will be no more of those eulogies for my work like "Another Wodehouse" or "8 x 10½, 315 pp," which I have been pasting in my scrapbook for so many years. But I am prepared to sacrifice myself for the sake of Literature and I know that a sudden ebullition of whiskers among critics would raise the whole standard of writing. A young author would think twice before starting his introspective novel of adolescence, if he knew that when published it would be handed over for review to somebody who looked like General Grant at the age of eighteen. Nervous women would stop writing altogether, and what a break that would be for the reading public. The only novelists who would carry on would be a small, select group of tough eggs who had the stuff.

And it is useless for the critics to protest their inability to fall in with the idea. It is perfectly easy to grow whiskers. There is a whiskered all-in wrestler named Hairy Dean. He did it. Are Clifton Fadiman and Harry Hansen going to tell me that they are inferior in will power and determination to an all-in wrestler?

Tush! is about what it amounts to.

(The Woman's Angle)

## *Repent and Be Shaved!*

*Sir Hubert Wilkins, Bernard Shaw,*
*And Santa Claus are welcome to*
*Their beards, but I lay down the law,*
*My darling, when it comes to you.*

*Your face was smooth when you began*
*To court me. I was young and rash.*
*I yielded; now that we are man*
*And wife, you nurture a mustache!*

*Yet you protest you love me more*
*Than life. Well, maybe so, but save*
*Those kisses. Keep them all in store*
*Until you see the light, and shave!*

***Margaret Fishback***



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# Men against Machines

## *Must We Lose Our Jobs to Progress?*

*by* **J. GEORGE FREDERICK**

It will be remembered that when Barnum brought a giraffe to this country for the first time, a farmer one day gazed directly at it and stoutly proclaimed that "there ain't no such animal."

Something of the same sort has been occurring in recent years in respect to "technological" unemployment. A certain portion of our executive classes has insisted that the problem of technological unemployment is quite nonexistent: there ain't no such animal. Another somewhat wild-eyed group of theorists, among them the "technocrats," has stirred fantastic alarms alleging the spread of unemployment like a holocaust as a result of technological advance. Around these opposite poles opinion has whirled like a dust storm.

Such a situation illustrates how sadly American economic thinking needs to give up its locked-horns complex, its doctrinaire dialectical alignment into extreme opposing camps, while fact and reason go begging. The docility with which some leaders of industry accept the no-such-animal view regarding technological unemployment is equaled only by the uncritical joy with which the theorists and radical groups have adopted the idea as a handy springboard for condemnation of the capitalistic system.

Those to whom coolly considered fact has a shining virtue far above that of ideological fixations and class loyalties view the situation quite differently. They are avid for more facts before passing extreme judgments, and their opinions are tentative while these facts are in process of competent assembly. We have as yet far too few such facts.

Meanwhile certain broad outlines are visible in the problem of technological unemployment, which is a "portfolio" word of wide ramifications. The problem reaches to the very base of our American philosophy and centers around the relation of the machine to our psychic and social life as well as to our national prosperity.

Nobody denies the fact of *displacement* of labor through technological advance. Indeed, this is an even more complex and wide-reaching process than is generally realized. Not only does a new laborsaving invention in a particular factory displace labor there, but it often displaces labor in other factories also, because the lower costs attained in the modernized plant have their inevitable competitive effect upon other factories, perhaps thousands of miles away, compelling them either to make similiar improvements or to reduce production — which means unemployment for some of their workers.

In addition — and this is a much greater element in the technological shift of employment than is generally realized — there is unemployment produced by changes in public consumption and demand, by changes in styles, and by uneconomic operation. New materials like rayon or new styles such as felt hats for women push other industries into the doldrums, while factories which fail to compete with lower prices or popular styles and fail to modernize (as for example the Willys-Overland auto plant and the Amoskeag textile mills) also throw people out of work. In all these cases the reasons are at bottom technological.

Our great concentration of inventive genius and highly skilled production engineering and tool designing quite naturally change and relocate American factories constantly and cause much shifting of jobs and even the loss of them for periods of time. It might almost be said that technological "revolutions" are constantly in progress, as greater production and lower cost are sought. Laborsaving machinery is only a fractional part of this revolution; policies, methods, designs, ideas, reloca-



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tion on a scientific basis, improvement of quality and service, greater speed and efficiency in transportation are all factors, other than "machinery," in the technological scene as a whole.

These are obvious; so is the fact that a great deal of *absorption* of displaced labor occurs as a result of new costs and prices, increased demand, and changes in ways of life. But because of their kaleidoscopic, interrelated nature, technological displacement and absorption of labor are extremely difficult to chart and tabulate with full exactitude statistically. We shall have to wait for such detail.

It is easy, however, to cite individual instances tending to show opposite trends. In the tobacco industry, for example, since 1924, employment has steadily declined from an index figure of 100 to 67.5, owing to the displacing of almost 100,000 workers by automatic machinery since 1914. The output per worker increased 41.5 per cent in 1933 over 1927. The impact of this machinery affected even the character and location of the industry (from small urban factories in the hand-labor era to large rural factories in the machine era, together with concentration of the industry into half a dozen concerns).

But the interesting point in this instance is that in the case of cigarettes (consumption of which has expanded while that of cigars declined) the number of wage earners in the industry has increased since 1927 from an index of 100 to 104.3. Thus we see the relation of low price and speed of demand to a technological shift and note the "relativity" of our subject. The rate of increased demand as a result of new low prices following mechanized production is sometimes so great as to nullify even the most drastic technological unemployment.

In another instance a reduction in the price of a device widely used by consumers from $59 to $25 (due to the introduction of automatic machines, each one of which displaced one half a man) resulted in a 300-per-cent increase in employment, following increased sales. Meantime competitors of the company, who have not modernized with the automatic machinery, are excellent examples of the secondary type of technological unemployment, for the new machinery in the modernized competitive plant threw thousands out of work in the unmodernized factories.

## II

BEFORE WE dig deeper into this subject it is only fair to apply some broad common-sense tests to the subject as a whole.

*First.* Has the proportion of the population that works increased or decreased over a long period of years?

The machine age is over 100 years old, and, if it is throwing more and more human beings into idleness, this tendency will show up in the census figures of those gainfully employed. In 1830 only 27 per cent of our population over ten years of age were gainfully employed, whereas in 1870 the figure had risen to 32 per cent and in 1930 to 40 per cent. Thus we see an increase of 50 per cent in the proportionate supply of workers, during a century; and this supply was successfully absorbed. More women work today, and the proportion of adults to children in our population is greater. It would have been easy, even in 1932, to find jobs for everybody, if only the 1830 proportion of the population had been looking for jobs.

The number per thousand of the total population employed in *manufacturing* in 1849 was 41.6, rising to a peak of 99.5 in 1919, falling to 83.9 in 1929, and setting a post-War average of 87.1 from 1919 to 1929.

We can see that the rise in the number of people employed in factories was faster than the rise in jobs of all kinds. Thus we are obliged to conclude that, broadly speaking, the machine age has distinctly increased, instead of decreased, the number of persons gainfully employed.

*Second.* What is the record in those particular industries in which power and mechanization are notoriously active?

They should give us a significant key answer. W. N. Polakov, consulting engineer, a few years ago selected those industries where power and fuel use rose more than 35 per cent in the decade from 1919 to 1929, this being a reliable way to pick industries highly mechanized. In all such industries the number of workers employed and the total wage payments had increased from five to 100 per cent.

It was in those industries not highly mechanized that there was a decline in employment: for example, in leather tanning, curing, and finishing. In cleaning and dyeing, on the other hand, where power use increased 100 per cent,



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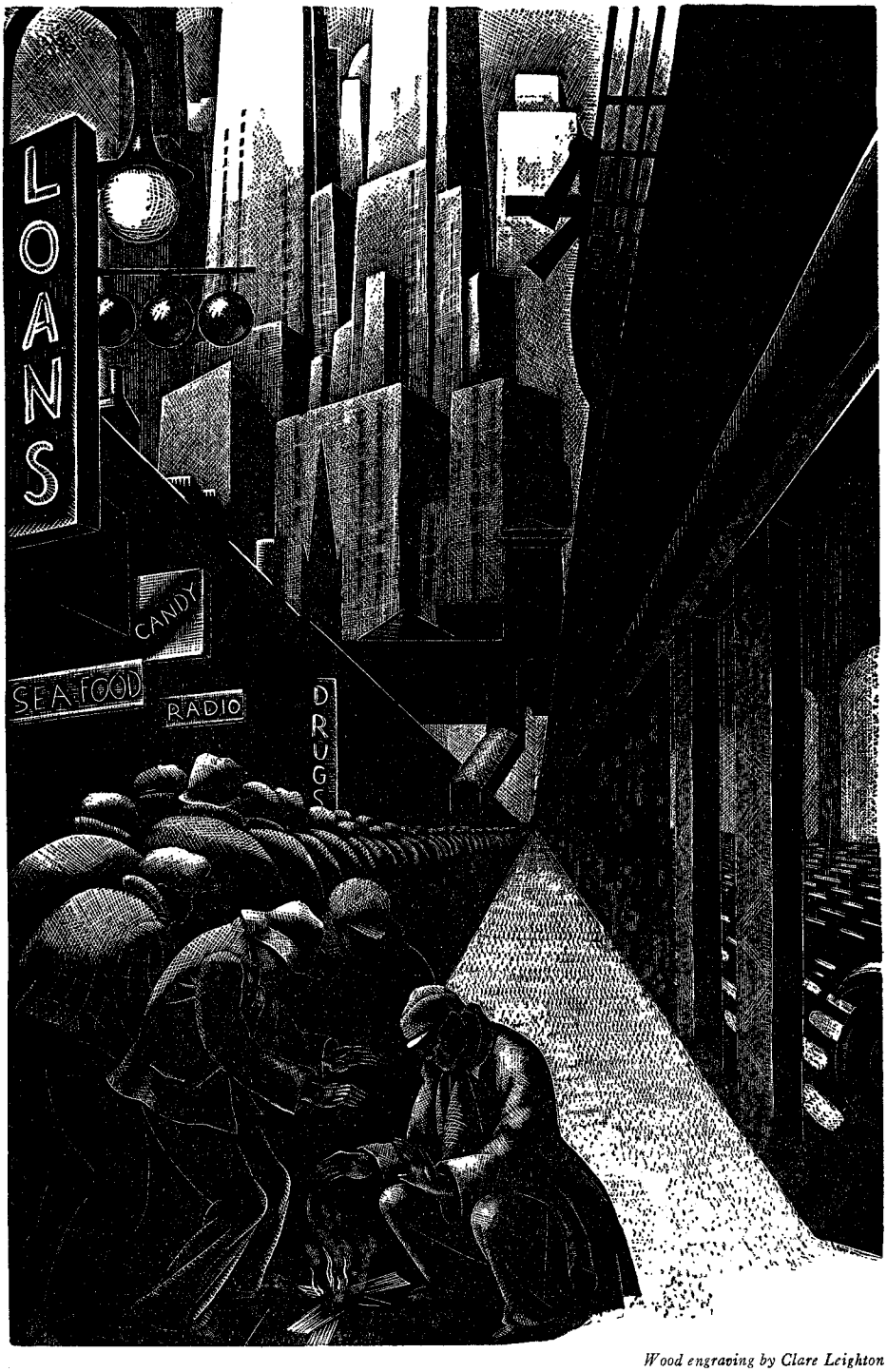
the number of workers increased 86 per-cent; and in petroleum refining, a 70-per-cent increase in machinery brought a 55-per-cent rise in employment.

In a certain 1936 month, the Bureau of Labor Statistics showed newspaper- and periodical-publishing employment at 101 per cent of the 1923–1925 "normal" figure; women's clothing was 121 per cent; knit goods 111 per cent; baking 111 per cent; petroleum refining 108 per cent. All these are highly mechanized fields.

On the other hand, in lumber the figure stood 53; brick and tile 31; heating apparatus and fitting 55; marble, granite, slate 22. These are largely hand trades. And we are only too familiar with the slump in the building trades.

But automobile manufacture averaged 101 per cent during all of 1935, production being 73 per cent of 1929 but employment 98 per cent.




*Wood engraving by Clare Leighton*

***Bread-line, New York***

Evidently we may safely assume that high mechanization is not, on the whole, inimical to employment; our technological-shift problem is not quite so simple. We are obliged to conclude that, in both good times and bad, the demand for workers is greater in the highly mechanized fields than in the hand trades.

*Third.* What differences are to be noted between the fields which have been declining and those which are new and vigorous?

There are nineteen principal declining occupations which from 1920 to 1930 showed decreases in employment — a total of 807,222 jobs lost. Balance against this nineteen principal growing occupations, and they account for 2,264,548 jobs gained — far outweighing the loss. Eighteen manufacturing industries new since 1879 provided in 1929 a total of 1,123,314 jobs — not counting the servicing and selling jobs associated with them. It would



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seem, then, that we are obliged to conclude that, over *long periods* of time, the absorption process is moderately successful.

## III

PERHAPS WE may now say that we have hewn out a rough clearing on the subject of technological unemployment. It isn't all "woods" any more; there loom into view observations which will prove surprising when examined further.

*First.* It definitely appears that technological displacement of the primary type — that is, men directly displaced by machines — is usually most active not only in fields which are most prosperous and most alert but in *individual plants* most modern and enterprising.

For example: the automobile field, the most highly mechanized large industry in the world. The modernization pace there is terrific — that is, among the big leaders. Such big leaders in great industries set a pace (except in the period of the downbeat of severe depression) which tends to reabsorb displaced labor.

But not all the plants are so big or alert. There is obviously a significant gulf between the highly efficient, well-managed plants in an industry and the lesser concerns — a gulf not at all due to size alone but also to policies and points of view.

*Second.* There is another type of technological unemployment which is much more serious. It arises from four different sources: (1) the effect of the fast pace of leaders upon the less efficient followers in an industry; (2) the effect of general changes in demand and consumption and in production methods brought on by progress and invention; (3) the impact of an entirely new industry or material; (4) the effects of uneconomic operation, backwardness, and business crisis.

This secondary technological unemployment is more serious because it does not benefit from the modernization practiced by the alert, efficient, and expanding employer. It is a penalization of labor either by inefficient management or by inevitable economic evolution.

*Third.* There is the factor of technological time lag, and this gives indications of being the key log in the jam. Eventually people find some employment, but the period while they are looking for it is critical — in depression times disastrous. Its length is usually from one month to two years; and that is genuinely serious dislocation.

On this subject, those technical men — employers and capitalists — who are habituated to viewing workers as so many mechanical pawns to be moved about at will hide behind the skirts of American "individualism." One engineer said to me in the course of my investigation of this problem, "What if men are thrown out of work for a time? They get back somewhere — if they are self-reliant Americans. Why, I recall that I moved around from factory to factory and enjoyed it; it was good for me. It knocked me out of a rut." But he didn't remember that he was young and unmarried then. The worker with a family, with hope of home ownership, savings, and some kind of security, or the worker well along in years has a very different reaction when he faces the fatal technological lag, the no man's land of our proud modern economics.

When we try, in the absence of authoritative statistics, to be realistic about this fatal technological lag, what do we discover?

We discover that the technological lag is shortest for the highly skilled workers in certain selected fields, like the machine trades, but that it is longer for the skilled and longest of all for the unskilled. Thus today there are actual shortages, despite our millions out of employment, in certain special skilled-labor categories.

We discover further that the "employment" which a great many of the technologically displaced have found during the past fifteen years is actually a basic shift — away from production into distribution and services, greatly crowding these fields and responsible for much of the wasteful competitive warfare, the huge losses, the rapid turnover, and the low standards prevailing.

The increase in employment in services between 1919 and 1930 was 57 per cent, as against increase of only twelve per cent in amount of domestic goods absorbed. In 1875 the proportion of workers engaged in production of physical goods was 75 per cent; in 1930 it was only 50 per cent; much of the other 25 per cent went into the field of services. These people opened little stores, roadside gas stations, cigar shops, lunch counters; or they



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became taxi drivers or a thousand and one other things; each one of these fields quickly became overcrowded and unprofitable.

It *seems* a solution of technological unemployment, but when you look into it, what do you find? You find that there is a retail store for every thirteen families in America; the average life of a store is only six and one half years. Government researches have shown that 27.4 per cent of grocery and delicatessen stores have daily sales of only $16.03 or less, which means that they make at best only about $2.69 per day, profit and salary allowance included! At least one third of the little shops, gas stations, etc. in America are unnecessary, unprofitable, and wasteful. The 5,000 grocery-store failures per year alone cost the country $100,000,000.

Technologically displaced labor's efforts to reorient itself are not happy; it has made a shambles of distribution and the service occupations, increased discontent, and lost money. It is, therefore, thoroughly false to say that labor is able to take care of itself when technologically displaced. It tries patiently and courageously, but the cards are stacked against the effort.

The English have invented the term *underemployment* to describe the situation of interrupted, intermittent, shifting employment; and this term is fully expressive of the situation. American labor tries hard to adjust, to find new work — often investing its little savings in business ventures. A few win out; most cannot. No one can traverse America with a seeing economic eye and not feel heartsick, even in so-called normal times, at the shoddy, pathetic panorama of uncountable hot-dog stands, gas stations, grocery stores, and all manner of valiant efforts to make a living, to meet the technological lag which shuts factory doors for unknown, unendurable periods. American workers are resourceful and independent, but they come up against a dead end.

It is positively no solution to pump more millions of technologically unemployed into the fields of distribution and service, already choked to the bursting point. We need the concern and help of business and economic leaders who can think for the whole country, to apply policies which will in the long run be more socially as well as more commercially sound.

## IV

WHAT ARE such policies? Why must the technological lag be so long and so destructive?

Study of the subject in the light of the best modern industrial and commercial standards indicates that the time lag is very closely related to the policies of management. It is not technological displacement which we need to be afraid of, since it is inevitable in progress; it is sloth and procrastination in applying it. It is fairly plain that the cure for the technological time lag between displacement and absorption is still *more active*, still *more widespread technological change:* that is to say, vigorous technological modernization and improvement by a far greater number of concerns than practice it today. We must recognize the immense differences that exist today between industrial firms — between, on the one hand, a Ford (who is so positively avid for technological change that he has a printed form on which his executives make calculations for improvement of processes and displacement of workers) and, on the other hand, the recently defunct Amoskeag textile mill (which tried to get along with 40-year-old machinery which its Japanese competitors would not deign to use). If all plants were operated on something approaching a fully active modernizing policy, the general industrial pace would take up the slack. It is the slow and uneven pace of modernization which appears to be doing the damage.

The remarkable fact develops, in a study of the Ford plant methods, that, when modernization is relentlessly pursued, when obsolescence is boldly faced and aggressively acted against, the fatal time lag in technological displacement is canceled out. For this reason Ford can boast today that, despite the expenditure of many millions of dollars in modernization from 1930 to 1933, the man-hours of labor required per car *rose* from 191.8 in 1929 to 198.5 in 1934. Since he started, Ford has purchased over $100,000,000 worth of machine tools, and he averages $5,000,000 worth a year. A $35,000,000 modernization program is now complete or nearly so. Ford makes new plant equipment pay for itself out of earnings, in a period of from 157 days to four years. He is the world's foremost industrial modernizer and the first machine-tool user to scrap systematically obsolete equipment on a large scale.



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Ford saves himself from being the world's greatest technological displacer of labor by beating the time lag.

He does this, first, by removing huge units of machinery and setting up the new units in record time, without decreasing the rate of production or causing layoffs.

He does it, second, by acting very quickly and decisively in respect to fundamental large-scale modernization — such as the new hot-strip steel rolling mills and sheet-steel cold finishing mills, a $10,000,000 project using 20,000,000 pounds of new machinery and effecting a cut in costs of *one half*, with 25 per cent greater capacity. Only *seven* men are needed to control the mill, which can roll a ten-ton steel ingot into an almost paper-thin 500-foot sheet in ten minutes.

He does it, third, by extending the vertical scope of his operations — that is, making more of his own supply goods and even going far afield to do it. For example, he grew soy beans on nearby land in order to make his own composition material from them. This increases the Ford employment.

He does it, fourth, by his price-lowering policy, which sets a sales pace that increases volume, which in turn tends strongly to re-absorb men technologically displaced. The 600 men who were constantly employed not long ago repairing direct-current motors were reduced to 30 when a shift to alternating current was made; but these displaced men were quickly shifted to something else. Skilled mechanics in such fields are today in demand. The Ford employment peak in 1929 was 110,000, but he had extended his vertical operations very far in mining, shipping, etc. and has since somewhat contracted this scope. The Ford employment today runs about 76,000, fluctuating from 1,000 to 3,000 per week.

Look now at that other and horrific example, the defunct Amoskeag textile mills at Manchester, New Hampshire (recently purchased by a group of townsmen hoping to find a way to employ the 15,000 idle workers). It has operated exactly contrary to Ford's principles virtually since its start in 1804. The low-wage, nonmodernization policy, with huge debt burdens and surpluses employed to enrich a few — never to increase technological efficiency — produced the usual results: constant labor troubles, uneconomic operation, desperate attempts to find shelter behind tariff walls, and financial "milking" of the property. The last average weekly wage paid to Amoskeag operatives (about $9) was within hailing distance of Ford's average daily wage! The blunt, brutal truth about Amoskeag is that it was an obsolete mill, run according to equally obsolete policies; and the fruit of its antiquated looms was labor misery and discord, secondary technological unemployment on a huge scale, and a black smudge on the American industrial record.

Such data as we have about the fatal technological lag is in small pieces and cannot be put together to make a complete picture. It is apparent, however, that the lag among highly skilled workers in highly mechanized plants is small in fairly prosperous times and in rapidly growing industries; in fact a few industries are able to make the shift without their employees losing any time whatsoever. American labor is very adaptable, and in the highly skilled plants a worker with good technical ability may in the course of five years change the character of his labor five or six times but lose little or no working time. The introduction of new machinery quite often absorbs the old highly skilled labor, even when the new machinery is to be tended by semi- or unskilled labor.

The explanation is that the rapidly growing American enterprises which are the most frequent users of technological invention almost invariably increase their capacity more than the extent of the labor saved, at the same time that they modernize. In other words, the modernization is usually part of an expansion program. Thus, when the highly modern Plymouth automobile plant was set up with more automatic machinery than ever, the general capacity was so enlarged that the skilled labor of the old plant was all retained. But such instances, it must be admitted, are the exception, not the rule.

Technological unemployment, I think it will eventually be certified, is nonexistent in a really live, up-to-date plant, headed by men of parts, operating on the best of modern industrial policies, as ready to modernize as Carnegie and Ford. The fatal technological-employment time lag is a fungus which grows on recalcitrant, slow-moving industrial craft, as barnacles grow on derelicts.



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# Cure by Faith

## *A Sick Mind Makes a Sick Body*

*by* **WINFRED RHOADES**

When the illustrious poet of Weimar said that "he who is plenteously provided for from within needs but little from without," wisely he spoke and well. If you really take in the idea that the fundamental health of life, as well as the real beatitude of life, comes from that which is built up inside and not from that which is so wistfully sought outside, you find that it makes a palpable difference in your day-by-day experience.

Not the state of the body but the state of the mind and soul is the measure of the well-being of each one of us.

When the American scholar, Henry Warren of Cambridge, forced his pain-racked body to serve his mind — when he took the Harvard course successfully, though it required seven painful years and he had to be wheeled from class to class in a chair; when in spite of bodily tortures he then made himself an expert in the art of deciphering the crabbed and obscure characters of ancient Pali manuscripts; when because of his pain he had to carry on those studies and write his pages standing before a high desk, with crutches under his arms, or kneeling in front of a chair to take the strain off his back; when, even the comfort of a bed at last denied him, he had to sleep on the floor in a specially constructed room, with scrupulously regulated temperature; and when, under such conditions, he put forth translations of the ancient Buddhist scriptures which led a famous swami to visit Cambridge just to pay him tribute for the people of India: when Henry Warren so shaped his life the state of his body was pitiful; but the state of his mind and soul was magnificent.

The spirit refused to bow to the catastrophes of the body. In reverse cases the spirit can be the precise determinator of the physical condition of the body.

Pains and aches and multifarious crippling disorders are presented to medical men in their consulting rooms and hospital wards, and they are expected to bring healing by means of some magic dosage or other physical treatment; and again and again they find — those who have insight — that treatment of mind and spirit is more needed than treatment of body.

In above half the cases in general hospitals the illness is chiefly psychical and not physical. This was the estimate given in public not long ago by one medical man in a position of high responsibility. Another eminent disciple of Aesculapius, putting the proportion of psychogenic to organic disorders at the same high level, has declared that for the general practitioner an understanding of troubles which come from the psyche is therefore of more value than all his delving into such matters as experimental physiology. This same man has stated that in actual fact a great deal of what is taught in medical schools as pharmacology or materia medica is really no more than a training in suggestive therapeutics. He would agree with his fellow worker that, when a man or woman



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goes to a physician or to a clinic, the personality condition should be looked into as much as the condition of lungs and heart and blood stream and digestive organs. He would agree with him in asking if that isn't just common sense.

II

THOUGH by most people that kind of credo is supposed to be among the most modern of modern notions, the essential idea is far from new.

Have you ever chanced upon that wise old book of the Baron Ernst von Feuchtersleben: that *Zur Diätetik der Seele — Hygiene of the Mind*, as the translation has it — with the thoughts of which the Viennese doctor refreshed himself while he worked out his eminent medical career a hundred years ago? Wrote he:

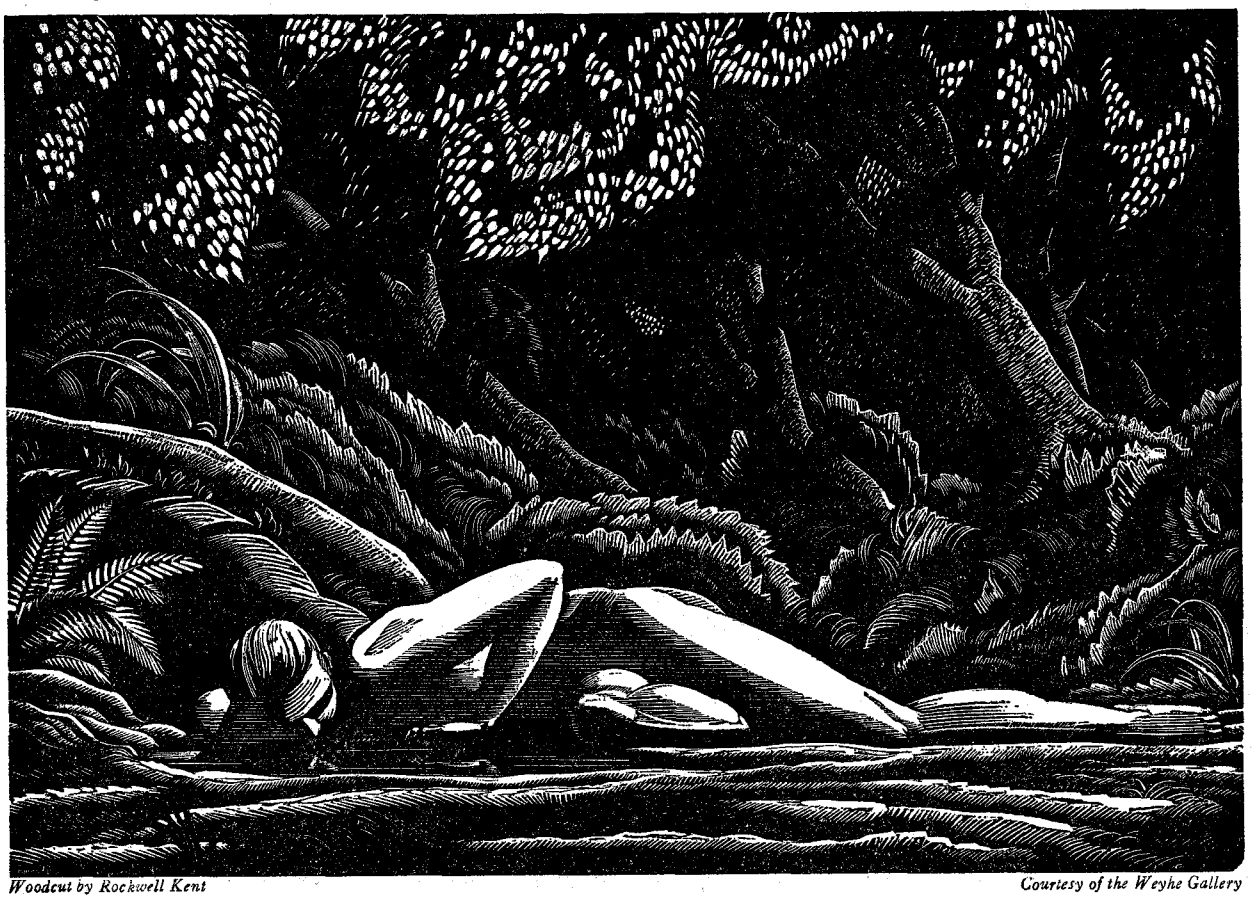
> The whole of nature is indeed but an echo of the mind, and the supreme law which may be discovered in her is: that from the ideal comes the real; that the idea gradually fashions the world after itself.

All through his careful and close-written pages that is his theme. "Declare yourself healthy, and you may become so," he says.

Take another example. Have you loved — as Sir William Osler, for one, loved and carried around in his pocket when he was doing his work at Johns Hopkins — the *Religio Medici*, that noble confession of another wise physician and great spirit? If so, you have found in those luminous pages again (and 200 years ahead of Feuchtersleben) emphasis laid upon the soul and its sovereignty when the human entity is being dealt with. "There are infirmities not only of Body, but of Soul," says Sir Thomas Browne, "and Fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities." With regard to the struggling human who calls forth his pity, he says:

> It is no greater Charity to cloath his body, than apparel the nakedness of his Soul. I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasure, of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community, in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves.

Stroll further along the backward shores of time until you come to the fadeless fourteenth century. You find words that might have been penned this morning! "Some doctors do affirm that mental concepts tell upon the body more than physicians do with all their drugs." Those words come from that close



*Woodcut by Rockwell Kent* — *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*



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thinker and great soul, Meister Eckhart. Wisdom was not all born in the twentieth century. Neither was psychological insight.

Make a further pilgrimage backward and pick up another shining pebble. Thirteen hundred years before Meister Eckhart was preaching philosophy and mysticism to the German multitudes in their own common speech and urging them to use their souls for the good of their whole beings, Plato was declaring or causing his protagonist Socrates to declare that "this is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body." Socrates had offered to the winsome youth Charmides a headache cure which had once been given to him. Socrates explained:

> It was a kind of leaf, which required to be accompanied by a charm, and if a person would repeat the charm at the same time that he used the cure, he would be made whole.

But Socrates emphasized that "without the charm the leaf would be of no avail." It is a clear case of treating the mind and, through that, the body. Plato (or Socrates) will not permit any doubt with regard to the fundamental idea. "Let no one persuade you to cure the head, until he has first given you his soul to be cured by the charm." He repeats the teaching to rub it in:

> If the head and the body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul; that is the first thing. This is the reason why the cure of many diseases is unknown to the physicians of Hellas, because they are ignorant of the whole, which ought to be studied also; for the part can never be well unless the whole is well.

The words are as fresh as if they had been spoken in a modern course on psychotherapy.

Disregarding the whole in favor of the part — and sometimes only a very small part — is this not still the fault of doctors in general?

## III

Go now to a civilization and an intellectual life very different from that of Greece and you find the thoughtful Hebrew observing that "a merry heart causeth good healing," as the more accurate translation has it, "but a broken spirit drieth up the bones." Then go to a civilization and an intellectual manner still more different and you find Confucius also, in his doctrine of the chung-yung (which appears to signify the central harmonizing force in each individual life) laying stress on the mind as the reconciler between body and spirit, with healthy life as the result of the reconcilement.

What we consider very modern and are accustomed to hearing about in strange-sounding neologisms, is in fact only an up-to-date investigation and application of what the more thoughtful have always known and what the instinct of man has in all ages led him to practice.

What was the South Sea Islander doing but treating himself by suggestion, even though quite innocent of psychological jargon, when at the foot of a difficult path he threw a stick or stone or leaf upon a heap of other such miscellanies and cried out that he had thrown away his fatigue? When he went forward with fresh vigor it was the elevation of his mind to which his body responded.

Moss scraped from the skull of a thief who had been hanged in chains, herbs gathered from a graveyard in the dark of the moon, the blood of serpents, ground-up lice, the excrescences of various creatures, amulets, images, human tears, and other such things of course never had any directly curative effect upon disease, any more than the bread pills or tar water or magic rings and belts found in communities more modern and supposedly more enlightened. But healings must have occurred when they were used, or the use would not have continued. And this was so both in primitive communities and in those which boasted of being more civilized.

When a pack animal slipped at a ferry in India some years ago and a case of medicines was spilled, the colored pills were picked up and returned to their appropriate bottles; but with the white pills it was impossible to tell one kind from another. In spite of the missionary doctor's warning of the danger of using them ignorantly, a young native gathered them up out of the dust and made them the foundation of a widespread reputation. "I owe all my prosperity to you!" he exclaimed when the missionary next appeared in that region. The bottle which contained the assorted pills was the favorite in his shop, he cried out. Patients came from far and near to get them, he said. And, in answer to the horrified doctor's question how he could ad-



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minister them if he didn't know what they were meant for, he announced that he saved them to give to patients when he didn't know what was the matter with them! He was curing the sick by the mind's mastery of the body, though he knew no more about the doctrine of psychotherapy than about Volapük and though the pills may have contained elements that were positively dangerous. The mind of the sick one received a stimulus. Expectation took the place of fear. Hope entered in where despair had been. Belief in the possibility of health asserted itself against the morbiferous thoughts that had had dominion.

It would be interesting to see a full list of medicaments now cast aside as impotent which at one time healed their thousands and tens of thousands. They once had curative effect. There is no doubt of that. Whence came their potency? It came from the minds of those who believed in them and expected much from them.

## IV

It is not all the truth to say that when physical disorders appear in a man or woman the soul is the part of him that needs treatment but it is a very important fraction of the truth. Sometimes it is the whole truth.

A person is caught in the quagmire of life. He flounders. He feels himself sinking. He feels helpless but struggles on. In the midst of his struggle he finds himself the victim of physical disorders which make it still more difficult to meet the fiats of life. He runs for a doctor. The physician examines him and cannot find any organic basis whatever for the symptoms. What the man needs and has needed from the beginning is a doctor of the soul: someone who can teach him how to look life straight in the face and not be dismayed; how to stand up with new spirit to life's challenge and learn to glory in the struggle, even as the adventurer in unknown deserts or icy barrens or world-defying mountains glories in the contest which saps his strength and endangers his life — but makes more of a man of him.

On the other hand, even when a man is the victim of specific organic disorder and needs attention of the most advanced medical kind, he needs attention also from someone who knows how to deal with his soul: *soul* being taken in its inclusive and larger sense, as referring to that part of a man which feels, thinks, wills, and is capable of moral and spiritual action. Even where precise scientific remedies appear to have definite curative results, the soul needs treatment as well as the body. The stricken person needs to learn how to take his affliction as just one more bidding to live with high heart and to give to the world still another example of the sovereign power of the spirit. Let a man or woman so lift himself up in his inmost being, and that person enters into one of the high joys of life.

Always, whatever the facts, it is the whole man that needs to be considered: not body apart from soul, not soul without reference to body — but both body and soul.

In our present grant of life we are somatic-psychic entities to the sum total of which many elements contribute; and the ability to live in general well-being comes from a balanced attention which does not ignore either soma or psyche. If the body is sick it disturbs the soul; if the soul is troubled it can make the body sick: *soul* being used still in that larger sense of that in a man which feels and thinks and wills and is capable of lifting him up to vigorous action morally and spiritually and physically.

Sickness, often and often again, is inceptively a running away from life, its perplexities and inflictions. The sufferer thinks himself the victim of disease. What is at bottom true is that he is tired of life as he has to experience it: tired of the disappointments, the humiliations, the sorrows, the problems it is giving him; tired of his failure, repeated and long-continued, to realize his fond dreams and eager plannings. He is a victim — yes! But what he is really the victim of is his own rebellion against life or his shrinking from life or his fundamental maladjustment to life in some wise.

A woman was telling of her physical exhaustion, but the more she talked the more apparent it became that hers was not a case of the surrender of the body to overwork. It was her spirit that had surrendered. Life had not brought the satisfactions she craved. Loving children, she was not married; middle-aged, she had all her life been dominated by the rest of the family; unsuccessful in her business efforts, she had been dependent instead of free; her interests were narrow; she had no eager



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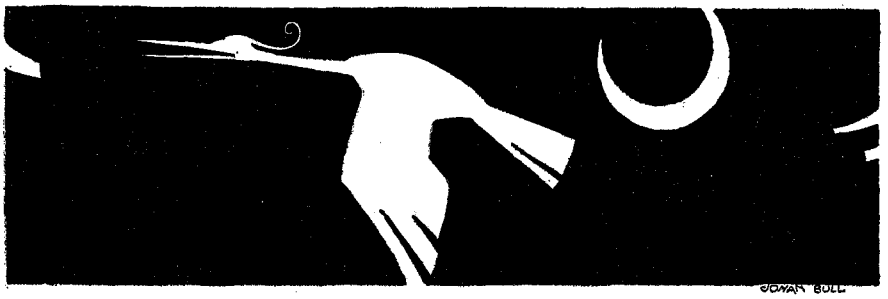

passion which she longed to translate into deeds; her soul was filled with conflict — disrelish for one home, a mixture of longing and unpleasant memory in connection with another, dread as she thought of the future.

To feel sorry for oneself is one of the most disintegrating things the individual can do to himself. This woman's body had small need of doctoring. The physicians could find nothing to do for her organically. It was her soul that needed stimulus and the re-education of its responses to the challenge of life. When she was directed to specific ways of improving herself psychically, she began to feel better physically.

## V

"Nervousness" is a state of mind. If it is a state of mind, through the mind must it be treated. Medicines cannot cure it. Physical rest cannot cure it: for, even if the body is rested and the problems are solved and the symptoms disappear, unless the soul has learned to stand up gallantly and dreadlessly to the involvements of life and refuse to let its body be victimized by the inglorious action of the mind, the fundamental difficulty is still there. You change what can be changed and accept what has to be accepted. And you stop growling: stop it inwardly as well as outwardly. Then you begin to feel better.

If the soul has to be stabbed into health, the stabbing hurts. But, if the soul is then sound and sturdy and masterful, what matters some previous pain? To lift up the soul from sickness to health and from impotence to power: is there any greater thing life can do for you?

When Archbishop Cranmer was burned at the stake he "seemed to repel the force of flames, and to overlook the torture by strength of thought" — so Gladstone quotes Jeremy Collier in a letter printed in Hallam Tennyson's noble and beautiful biography of his father, the poet. There you have the triumph of mind over body in a highly dramatic way. You have it again and in a nobler case in the story of the cauterization of Saint Francis of Assisi, who "neither moved nor showed the least sign of pain," as you may read in the beautiful *Mirror of Perfection.*

The psychological processes which take place in a man can be more direct and important factors in determining the state of his body than the biochemical and physiological processes. And not seldom they are. "True health," said Stevenson in his essay on Thoreau, "is to be able to do without it." And he proved the proposition in his own daily life.

"I'm sure," wrote a friend a while ago, "our attitude toward problems has a strange way of either making or breaking us." It makes or breaks us both physically and as personalities.

"The doctor said there was nothing the matter with my back," said a woman at a gathering for group psychotherapy at a public dispensary, "so I got up and walked." She did much more than that. She went marketing on the way home, washed the kitchen floor when she got there, and finally surprised her husband by preparing his supper — things she had not in a long while thought herself able to do. A pulling-up of herself mentally put new power into her body. She had been living in fear that her husband would get sick and lose his job and that the income, which already was not sufficient to pay the bills when due, would cease entirely. Her mind had grown tired of thinking what might happen. Her spirit had grown tired of being battered by the blows of life. When she accepted the idea that precisely *that* — that surrender of mind and spirit — could produce all her physical symptoms and that she did not need surgery but did need to get free from bad emotion habits and bad thought habits, she began at once to raise herself up into new vigor and health.

## VI

It is the soul that breaks down. It is the soul that needs attention. Even when the body definitely needs attention, the soul needs it also. If it is to be the effective ruler of the



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body, it needs to be fed continually with food which can make it strong and healthy.

Great creative thoughts are the food of the soul. Wisely chosen and rightly nurtured emotions are the food of the soul. A brave and hopeful philosophy of life is the food of the soul. Above all else religion, when it is vital and greatening, is the food of the soul.

Treat the soul, for its daily food, to little beyond sensational news sheets and high-seasoned amusements, frothy chatter and gimcrack interests, and how shall it grow in power? Pettiness is always the soul's corrupter.

Every thought you let yourself think, every emotion you permit yourself to enjoy leaves its mark and helps either to make you insufficient for life or to give you some greater sufficiency. Let a man make it his habit to refuse pettiness day by day and to choose robustly, and, even though at times he fail to live up to his high election, he can by little and little develop a soul which shall at last become equal to anything — to anything!

But people need teaching. "You are the only person I have ever talked with who gave me a glimpse of a systematic method of dealing with the human mind": it was a woman who had for years been at the head of an important department in one of our leading colleges who wrote that to one from whom she had received some help almost by accident. If even those who seem to have every advantage life can offer seldom meet anyone with sufficient insight and knowledge to give help of the kind this person needed, how desperate is the case for the unfavored rank and file! That is why every medical doctor needs to be also a doctor of the soul and why the parish minister needs to be a good psychologist as well as a good religionist.

"It was because of my mother that I went," said a young woman who had been attending a class for group psychotherapy. "She had to go, and I went along to take her. But it helped me, too. I got peace. I didn't worry any longer. I felt I was ready for anything. Then I came home one day and found my husband." . . . She paused and did not explain just what she found that day; but her half-utterances, her ejaculatory speech, her sudden constraint — one guessed what she had found. "But I could meet it," she added.

She had tried to help the man in his distraught state. "I used to come home and tell him word for word what we had," she said. It made little difference so far as the man was concerned. He did not, perhaps could not, take in the idea; and the bullet was his solution. But for the young wife the weekly instruction had become a stimulus to self-command and steadiness and calmness and courage. "Now, if I don't go for a week I feel that something is missing out of my life," she said. Then she added another word, simply, unaffectedly. "The meeting helps me to realize God's power. The doctor may not say much about it definitely, but he makes you feel that *something* is there." She was Italian and Catholic. The doctor was American and Protestant. The meeting was at a public place where the atmosphere must be neutral. But the young woman was helped to get deeper into a "something" which she needed more than all else.

Here is a man's story. It told of successive nervous breakdowns during his business life, culminating at last in a condition that took him away from business entirely. It told of dissipations which finally he had given over. It told of the withering effect of the death of his wife. It went on to financial losses, with mounting fear that he might lose all his money — "or what would seem to be the loss of all to me." But it was difficult to hold him to such matters. What he wanted to talk about was religion and how to get himself a philosophy of life on which he could really feed his soul and from which he could get power to meet what he must meet in the daily round. The interviewer's business was psychology. Every time this man appeared he brought the discussion back again to religion.

That is the need one finds again and again: a life in the soul which will make its possessor sufficient for all that can come.

## VII

WHAT HAVE you got for a philosophy of life?" asks the psychological worker connected with a class in thought control at one great medical center, as he talks with the men and women who are referred from the medical clinic.

They hesitate and stammer and do not know just how to answer.

"Have you got any religion?" — he changes the form of the question.

One answers, "I've given up going to



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church." Another says, "I go to the Methodist Church," or, "the Catholic Church," or, "I'm a Jew" — and would drop the matter there. Another says: "Oh, I'm very active in the church, getting up suppers, running entertainments, helping to raise money" — with never a suggestion of looking at religion as anything more than a kind of club affair; never an intimation of finding in it strength for the pains of life, stability in the setbacks of life, fresh impetus when the feet are weary, stimulus when the soul needs new invigoration.

The questioner tries to suggest that religion might mean some such things. "Going to church," he says, "is sometimes not much but a kind of social life. Do you get from it any help for meeting your difficulties?"

"I believe in God."

"Well, what does that mean to you? Does believing in God make you feel that you are linked up with a life that you need, with a strength that you can draw into yourself and which will make you sufficient for anything?"

Sometimes depths are then touched. It was a Jewish woman who said: "When Friday night comes we close our doors and light our candles and say our prayers and open our hearts. And then God comes in!" Her eyes filled as she spoke, and the noisy little consulting room on one side of a noisy corridor became for a moment the very house of God and the very gate of heaven.

There will occasionally be others who make it manifest that they have touched power. But too commonly religion, even when it is professed, seems to be thought of only as attendance at meetings, as connection with an organization, as what is called church "work" — perhaps a vague hope somehow involved in the whole but, for the immediate needs of daily life, the soul practically starved. If there was need of a "depth" psychology much more is there need of a depth religion, a religion which really avails to lead the struggling soul into conscious experience and enjoyment of God.

The soul that knows religion in such wise loses its feeling of having to struggle alone. Does it not live and move and have its being in the infinite and eternal? It puts aside its dreads and fears. It lifts itself up into a mood of confidence in the universe. It learns how to connect itself in a pregnant way with the divine energy by which it is surrounded and draws conscious vigor from the source of all life. It not merely believes in God; it lays hold on a power not known before. It learns how to turn itself often to God, to live in awareness of God, to draw in wisdom from God, to give itself to be an expression of the spirit of God, and to rise to a new level of life as it maintains these conscious relations with God. Even simple souls can make of their religious life something like that. Sometimes they do it more successfully than those who consider themselves wise.

No one would think of calling a good surgeon cruel for making a wound and causing pain. Life is a surgeon. It wounds and turns the knife in the wound and administers no anesthetic. It cuts out almost the heart of us sometimes. But many of us never learn our most important and most emancipating lessons until we have been hurt. The sovereignty of the soul: that is what life would teach. The power of the soul over the body is one of its corollaries.

The treatment of sick bodies needs to be linked up, much more than now it is, with conscious attention to sick souls — taking *soul* still in the comprehensive sense of that in a man which feels and thinks and wills and either makes or unmakes his life.

**Next month: "Mental Underworld," by Upton Sinclair**



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# Shall We Abolish the Electoral College?

***A Debate***

## I—Why Preserve a Dying Institution?

***by* LINDSAY ROGERS**

In political discussion, metaphors usually have bias. Even when they are chosen innocently, which is seldom, one who argues on the other side may seek to twist the metaphors to his advantage. Thus the Constitution is an anchor holding the ship of state in a safe harbor. But anchors may foul propellers and be hard to raise when it is time for the ship to start on a new voyage. The governmental system may be a tree changing slowly "by some law of internal growth" which should not be interfered with. I reverse this bias and suggest that the electoral college to choose the President of the United States is a dead branch on the tree of our governmental system. Tree surgeons lop off dead branches so that the remaining parts may have greater strength. Why not lop from the tree of the Constitution the dead branch of the electoral college?

It has been dead for more than a century and a third. Since 1800 only one elector has used his own judgment — has voted, that is to say, against the instructions of those who chose him. His excuse was that he did not want James Monroe to be elected unanimously. He thought that such an honor should not be given to anyone other than the Father of his Country.

This loss of discretion was not intended by the framers, one of whom said that he would as soon trust a blind man to sort colors as to allow the people to elect a President of the United States. Or as Hamilton put it in his famous *Federalist* paper, the presidency should be filled by decision of the "men most capable of analysing the qualities adapted to the station and acting under circumstances favorable to deliberation and to a judicious combination of all the reasons and inducements that were proper to govern their choice." He thought that "a small number of persons selected by their fellow-citizens from the general mass will be most likely to possess the information and discernment requisite to so complicated investigations."

Instead we have popular election. Even if the electoral college were abolished we should still have all the "tumult and disorder" which Hamilton wished to avoid. But we could be certain that the dead branch would not suddenly come to life and burgeon unpleasantly. That might well happen if the election were close and only a vote or so were necessary to change the result in the college.

Hence why not abolish the college? The people would vote directly for the president and the vice-president. The method of determining the result would be unchanged. "Each state shall be entitled to as many votes for President and Vice-President as the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State is entitled in Congress," and the candidates having the highest number of votes in any state shall receive all the presidential or vice-presidential votes to which the State is entitled. These are the provisions of the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution which has been introduced in Congress by Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska.

Various other schemes — to elect by the popular vote of the whole country or to divide the State's electoral vote in accordance with the percentages of the popular vote polled by



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the different candidates — are not worth discussion. Even if they were commendable in theory, they would have no chance of approval because they would be opposed by the small States, which now have greater weight in the choice of a president than their population warrants. The only change which has any chance of approval is to abolish the persons of the college and to retain its arithmetical weighting of State votes. So much would be a gain.

## II

IT WOULD, as has been said, rule out the possibility of presidential electors refusing to be rubber stamps and thus carrying out the original intentions of the framers. Independent candidacies would be less difficult. The change would also make it possible to vote for the presidential candidate of one party and the vice-presidential candidate of another party. With programs as vague as they are and with the two major parties living by taking in each other's washing, no great harm would be done if we had a president from one party and a vice-president from another party.

When we nominate vice-presidential candidates, we pay no attention to the possibility that the nominee may succeed to the presidency. We take vice-presidential candidates from sections of the country well removed from the sections which the presidential candidates frequent. We hope that they will "strengthen" the ticket. We never know whether they do strengthen the ticket. It would be interesting to find out.

That would be possible if the electoral college were abolished and if the vote were counted automatically. "Roosevelt Garners the votes while Landon Knox," school children were saying to each other during the last campaign. Was this true? Would Alexander Throttlebottoms ever run ahead of candidates for the presidency? If one did in a close election and the result were split, it would make little difference. If a vice-president of a different party succeeded to the presidency, he would probably say, not meaning it, that he would carry on the policies of the late president. If it did make any real difference, we might think more about the lottery of American politics.

One ground for the abolition of the electoral college could not be discussed before 1936. During previous campaigns, both party organizations followed the policy of nominating as presidential electors men and women who fell into certain categories: party workers who were not important enough to be "honored" in any other way; exhausted political volcanoes; and stuffed shirts of the honorary-pallbearer type. This year the Democratic strategists had what they thought was a bright idea. In New York they nominated as electors Mr. David Dubinsky—the President of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union—and other trade-union representatives, hoping thereby more effectively to corral the labor vote for President Roosevelt.

The result was that the electorate was urged to vote for the Republican electors in order to defeat certain Democratic electors. Mr. Dubinsky, it was said, was a communist. All Mr. Dubinsky's friends knew this to be a lie, but I suppose the charge did make a few timorous souls think that Mr. Roosevelt was a dangerous candidate because he had "red" electors. On the other hand, perhaps a few trade unionists voted for the Democratic slate not so much because they loved Governor Landon less than they loved President Roosevelt but because they loved Mr. Dubinsky most and desired to "honor" him.

Unfortunately — or perhaps fortunately — one cannot tell whether the nomination of certain presidential electors helped or hurt the Roosevelt cause. My fear is that, if the electoral college be continued, the slates of electors will be made up not as in the past from dignitaries and nondescripts but from people who it is thought may attract votes. Hitherto the only results of the nomination of an elector have been some personal satisfaction and a line in *Who's Who* (if the elector were already there). The Democratic strategy of 1936, if fully developed, may lead to slates of presidential electors nicely parceled out among conservatives and radicals, bankers and labor leaders, Jews and Catholics, Germans and Italians. This would increase "tumult and disorder." It would apply Tammany strategy to the nomination of electors.

## III

THESE ARE the reasons for abolishing the electoral college. Even though they are per-



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suasive, I have little hope that abolition will soon take place. Popular interest in political machinery never becomes intense until the machinery breaks down. As Mark Twain said of bad weather: "We complain a lot but we don't do anything about it." In England for a generation no voice was raised to defend the House of Lords, but nothing was done until it outraged public opinion by throwing out Lloyd George's budget of 1909. Then action followed quickly. Years of debate preceded our constitutional amendment which got rid of the "lame duck" session of Congress.

Presidential electors will probably have to violate the rules of the game, or the country will have to be really annoyed by distasteful nominations before popular interest becomes keen. Meanwhile the reform should be agitated. Abolition of the electoral college should now become a principal plank in the platform of the conservatives. Its continued existence will prove a source of future embarrassment to them.

For, so long as the electoral college is retained, it serves to remind us that we are nullifying a prime intention of the founding fathers. The Supreme Court tells us, not infrequently, that it knows what certain disputable intentions of the framers were and insists that they be carried out. Our preservation of a moribund institution will cause doubt as to whether the Supreme Court's clairvoyance is worth while. If we continue deliberately to disregard a constitutional provision which is plain, more and more people will ask why Congress should be so restricted under clauses that are vague — for example, the power to regulate interstate commerce.

Finally, the anachronism of the electoral college furnishes a quadrennial demonstration that the framers did not believe in democracy. Should we be reminded of this in an age when democracy is under fire?

# II—Dangerous Alternatives

*by* **W. Y. ELLIOTT**

THE ELECTORAL college is the most vulnerable of targets for those people who are looking for things to shoot at in our Constitution. It is an untidy device, one that sticks up like a sore thumb, and it manifestly overweights the small States. It offends the believers in direct-democracy-and-ever-more-of-that. It seems to them a useless piece of ritual and out of keeping with the facts of modern party control.

But, as a matter of fact, it has worked reasonably well, though not as it was originally intended by the "framers." There are one or two bad features connected with the present practices surrounding it. But they do not touch the essentials of the electoral college. And the alternative to direct election, as a substitute or the electoral college, is apt to prove both an unworkable and a dangerous device. Luckily



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it would require a constitutional amendment which there is not much chance of getting.

Few things which came before it gave the constitutional convention of 1787 as much difficulty as the method of electing the chief executive. The delegates at first leaned toward election by Congress. They gave this up because of their fear that Congress might dominate an executive who was its own creature and so destroy the separation of powers. Finally they hit upon the device of an indirect election which would permit the smaller States greater weight, through giving each State as many electors as it had both senators and congressmen.

## II

THE DISTRUST of direct election has disappeared. Everyone knows today that presidential electors are chosen by party symbols and not to exercise their right of free choice, as was originally intended. Everyone knows, too, that the twelfth amendment, put into effect in 1804, was a recognition of the passing of free choice by the electors and of control by the party system. Under the original article, in 1801, the electors who backed the Democratic-Republican ticket of Jefferson and Burr had voted the same number of electoral votes for each — though Burr was intended for vice-president. The election was thrown into the House, where voting was by States — each State having one vote, again a concession to the small States. Though Jefferson was finally elected, the fear of a possible slip in the future prompted the provision in the twelfth amendment which now requires separate voting for president and vice-president.

Since that time there have been occasions when the electoral-college majority failed to coincide with a popular majority — though the instances have been rare. In the case of Hayes's election over Tilden, who had the popular majority, the question was one of counting the votes — a fault that has been partly remedied by act of Congress. This is a matter that in any case could be cleared up without amendment to the Constitution.

In the cases of Polk, Taylor, Lincoln, and Wilson, presidents were chosen who, although they carried only a plurality of the popular vote, probably represented as much of the nation as could be got behind any one man. It is necessary to have a government. If the electoral college were abolished, there might still be "plurality" elections where more than two parties were strongly represented.

A series of elections or preferential voting are no more workable devices than our present methods and might have quite dangerous results. Think of the tension involved in drawing out still longer a close-fought presidential campaign — the bartering for support, withdrawals, etc.

The vice-president, elected presumably by popular majority also, might actually in some instances be of a different party from the president, unless the electors had to be bound by the extraconstitutional party nominating conventions to accept the two, like Siamese twins.

Some curious results of direct democracy occur often enough in our States. Many Republicans who voted for Landon in the last election may have swallowed hard over Knox. Enough scratched tickets might make the effects of an "act of God" in our system a complete party overturn.

Those who advocate direct election as opposed to the electoral college make quite a fuss over the fact that the small States are overweighted (by having senators as well as members of the House counted for their electoral-college vote). That seems to me rather a good thing. A president elected by a large popular majority in a few big States but with the rest of the country against him as a result of smaller majorities for his opponent in many States would be in a parlous condition in dealing with his Congress. That cannot often happen under our present system.

There are real dangers in this centralization

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of power, too. If the vote of every man counted without regard to what State he lived in, the sleeping dog of the southern racial question would at once be roused. At the present time, the practical disfranchisement of the colored population over a large part of the South is accomplished by State administrative controls. To force this issue into national politics would be most dangerous.

Neither the South nor the small States are in the least likely to accept a constitutional amendment which would federalize control over elections to this degree. So the question is apt to be and to remain academic.

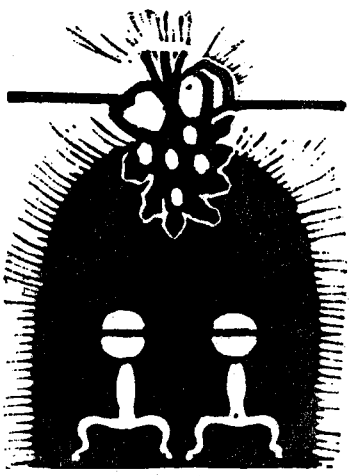
Perhaps it would be better to go back to the old method, in use prior to Jackson's day, of dividing each State into districts for the electoral college, instead of giving the whole State vote to a "plurality" victor. But, even if this were done by dividing the electoral vote of each State proportionately to popular vote in the State, that would not abolish the electoral college. Nor would such an act necessarily require federal amendment, though it would be likely to in view of the desire of States to count heavily and not indecisively.

## III

THE FACT is that the electoral college is the wrong tree to bark up. It is a useful ceremonial reminder of our constitutional origins, and a democracy needs reminders of its constitutional character. At the meeting of electors in each State much useful party business is discussed, so that the meeting is not wasted. The electoral college might still, even after the 21st (the Norris) amendment, perform a useful emergency function during such great crises as might occur through the death of the president prior to his inauguration. The vice-president acts in such a case only until a president shall qualify.

If we wish to reform something really worthwhile, let us see what can be done about the nominating conventions. Without bucking the powerful opposition of senators and others who would certainly not surrender the present privileged position of the small States in the electoral college — a matter that does no real harm — why not attempt to avoid the risks of the presidential nominating conventions? I should myself prefer to see the choice of candidates for at least the major parties left to a committee of both houses of Congress, with the present device of the electoral college left intact. Then, if no electoral-college majority resulted, perhaps the House might vote by members instead of States. The Norris amendment insures that it will be the newly elected House of Representatives which would now perform this function.

Many people today are disgruntled with the electoral college. They feel, for example, that Mr. Landon, with 17,000,000 votes, ought to have received more electoral votes than those of Maine and Vermont. But does it really matter? The electoral college has fairly enough represented the opinion of the country in its choice. Since that choice represents a wide area of the country rather than merely a heavy majority in a few big centers of population the country probably is better off for having our "anomalous," our "bungling" electoral college. Its record compares very favorably, if carefully examined, with much less often criticized parts of our constitutional system.



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# Why American Women Marry Foreigners

*by* **MARJORIE DOBBINS KERN**

Do they, actually? Or is it just that they like to have them around as escorts to teas and concerts, pleasant companions for an occasional hour of conversation?

No, it goes further than that. A white-haired woman of honored, early American parentage once made a surprising remark to me. "If I had my life to live over again," she said, "I would never marry an American, I would marry a foreigner. Not an Englishman, they're too much like us, but a Continental European." The longer she lived, she told me in all seriousness, the more she became convinced of the superior virtues of European men as partners in the difficult and fascinating adventure of marriage.

So effectually have the front pages of the press advertised the unsuccessful international marriages of late that we can scarcely see the words *foreign nobleman* without the image of a villain rising forthwith before our eyes. Yet the fact remains that American women of lesser renown go right on taking the leap in the dark with an alien mate, warnings of disaster notwithstanding.

I understand their temptation, because I did it myself. And I'm far from disappointed with the results. I've kept my husband for seven years and hope to keep him for seven times seven.

I've discovered several things since I married. I've discovered why foreign men wear well, and why they *keep* their wives. And they do keep them. It is the American, statistics show, who takes first honors for the title of the most divorced man in the world. The unprecedented speed and frequency with which the women of this country get rid of their husbands is not matched — is not distantly approached — in Europe. France has only one third as many divorces as we have, and the figures of other countries are correspondingly unfavorable to us.*

Moreover, the European wives who stay married are not victims of neurasthenia or candidates for nervous breakdowns. It's the American women who are the most notoriously discontented, restless, neurotic wives in the world.

### Lonely Women

What, specifically, does the European have that our men lack? Going back to first causes, he has a different racial attitude toward women. Instead of shying away from the company of women in the traditional Anglo-Saxon manner, he accepts it with apparent enjoyment as a close and integral part of his psychology. It's only the British and Americans who wrap their masculine selves away in their own separate pleasures, leaving the ladies to the unfertile consolation of each other's company.

It is symptomatic of a different relationship between the sexes that there are no marching suffragettes in the countries of the continent, no "parades of the unenjoyed." (Few women, be it said in passing, are born unenjoyable; they grow so chiefly in man's absence.) The American husband is becoming articulately aware lately that his wife is spending an unflattering amount of time in activities outside the home, unrelated to his own interests, but what can he expect if he absorbs so little of her energy himself? The women's clubs which we have in such unprecedented numbers, the mass gatherings of women for bridge, luncheons, etc. are nonexistent in Europe. Few women would choose

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* *The only higher divorce rate than ours is in Soviet Russia, where the government has been experimenting with complete destruction of the family as a unit. With the recent shift in policy there, the rate has been decreasing.*



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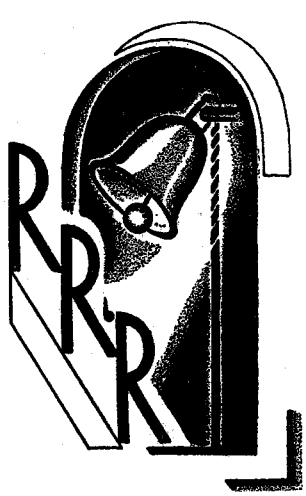
their own society for a constant diet if mixed social intercourse were to be had for the asking instead. In France and adjacent countries women do not cry for their rights, for the vote, for those superficial, sometimes exaggerated details of attention which the male in this country is growing tired of giving, because they have stimulating, satisfying relations with men inherent in their daily lives.

In Europe the lives of the marriage partners run closely together in a common channel, without the division between the interests of the sexes that we have here. Instead of scheming to keep his wife at a distance, as the American frequently does, the foreign husband more often draws her into the varied phases of his work and play. The director of one of the largest banking institutions in France takes his wife with him to his office every morning; her desk is in the same room as his; and he attributes much of the success of his enterprise to her feminine "intuition." The American woman, active by nature, would often rather work by the side of her man in daily companionship, if given the chance, than be relegated to a lonely pedestal to fold her hands in magnificent isolation.



Magnificent isolation is indeed the phrase which accurately describes the situation of many women in this country, and it does not make for contentment. The formula of the American husband for treating a wife — give her plenty of money and leave her alone — lacks subtlety. It is convenient for him to assume that she will be satisfied with money and freedom as a substitute for his company, but it is uncomplimentary and not often true — unless he happens to be insufferably dull himself. I once heard a very unperceptive woman say about a friend: "What's Mary having a nervous breakdown for? She has a husband who gives her everything she wants, a cook who's been with her for fifteen years, and I wish you could see the monograms on her towels!"

It speaks rather well for American women that they are dissatisfied in such conditions. It shows they still have souls and cannot live by bread alone.

### Physical and Mental Union

A generally acknowledged asset of the European is his capacity to fill women's instinctive needs more adequately than the American. That the love life of our women is very unsatisfactory is a fact too well known to need proof. Yet love and romance happen to be important to the American woman. Brought up on a diet of love stories, the constant target of advertisements based on sex appeal, she is scarcely to be wondered at for feeling cheated, singled out by a malignant fate for unfair treatment, if romance does not come to her own life in full measure. It is an ironic fate that marks her out to marry so conspicuously poor a lover as the typical American.

Mental companionship is important to American women too. Here again the European is signally superior in both ability and willingness to provide companionship. It is perhaps part of our masculine separatist theory that the love relationship is the only one possible between the sexes. Women exist (and I know a number of them) who hunger for just a good straight talk with a man. Frank, pungent, penetrating talk with a strong masculine mind is wine to their spirits. Mental energy, psychiatrists tell us, reacts on women as sexual stimulus. That intellectual satisfaction — the mutual meeting and completion of minds — is as important as physical stimulus for both men and women is generally recognized. The role of mental and spiritual attraction in marriage of course cannot be exaggerated, since, unlike physical attraction, it is a hardy perennial and lives for years outlasting other ties.

The men of Europe, lacking the American's need to be forever affirming his masculinity, are not handicapped by our unique notion that to show an interest in ideas, outside of those that can be commercialized, implies effem-



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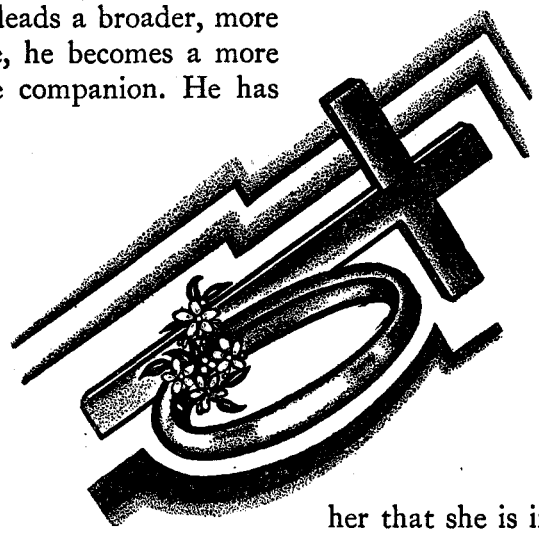
inacy. It is unfortunate that our men, far from promoting and taking a leading part in their wives' mental development, turn their faces the other way and hold rather in contempt culture and nonutilitarian knowledge in general. They overlook the fact that the very essence of true living, for individuals of every degree and station, lies in the enlargement and enrichment of mind and spirit and that the impoverishment of these is the gravest poverty of all.

The European's refusal to bury himself in work to the exclusion of all other values is, of course, partly responsible for his more rounded personality. Because he leads a broader, more human and civilized life, he becomes a more interesting and valuable companion. He has not forgotten how to play; he has not killed his sensitiveness to color and beauty in life by a machinelike absorption in the making of profits. Thanks to his slower tempo of living, he has time and energy to devote to women in general and his wife in particular. He is able to give his wife, and is happy to do it, sympathetic companionship in the details of her daily existence: in her choice of clothes, her table appointments and menus, the interior decoration of her home. Even if the American be the best provider in the world — and no one denies it — his habit of constant overwork is a direct and frequent source of marital tragedy. Many wives beg their husbands to give them less of material benefits and more of themselves.



### Youth vs. Maturity

A striking difference in the character of Americans and Europeans was illustrated in a magazine article I read. Purporting to prove that life ended at 40 for women, it was based on the assumption that no man would look at a woman of 40 if he could have one of 25, with a sixteen-year-old girl frequently preferred. Not that he would mind an older woman around the house to do his cooking and sew on his buttons, but, for "stepping out," for a dinner-table companion, for all pursuits connected with his pleasure, he wanted youth and nothing but youth.

To a European this would be utter nonsense. On the contrary he would say that women are just beginning to grow interesting between the ages of 30 and 40, when their mature, fully developed personality allows them to play a wide gamut of experienced charms.

It speaks ill for the American man if it be true that all the pleasure he has in women derives from a soulless figurehead of sex. The women of Europe need neither youth nor beauty to have highly flavored, deeply satisfying relations with men. True, they have rather often the potent substitute of "charm," but even this, ironically, is in part a gift from their men. For there is no quicker way for a woman to acquire real charm than to be made to feel by the men who surround her that she is interesting and attractive and *important*. And European men do this service for their women, do it as a matter of course, without effort and with a sincere interest behind their good manners.

But — lest any feminine reader be planning to tempt fate in a foreign adventure — let me pass a word of warning. If European men do not demand youth, neither do they care for childishness. They require maturity in the women they live with — mental and emotional maturity. They expect a woman to face the realities of the world she lives in with clear eyes and an open mind and to have a sense of proportion. If she counts on assuming an air of injured innocence and resorting to tears when she wants to get something, she would better eschew the idea at the beginning. For it is quite possible that her husband would be more disappointed than impressed and that the tears wouldn't work. This is not because he doesn't respect his wife; rather it is because he respects her too much; he looks upon her as an adult on his own level, to be treated as such, not pampered like a spoiled child.

But a mature psychology comes naturally to



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the women who live with foreign men, for it is a quality of the civilization, where constant and interesting and important relations exist between men and women. It is not a quality of our civilization, where the two sexes go their ways alone, growing unnaturally apart.

If we are called a nation of children — and the naïveté of our thinking has often been pointed out to us — it is because we do not have enough of the humanizing interplay between the sexes, the cross-fertilization of mind and spirit, out of which grows the deepened consciousness of fully developed individuals. For we cannot count the freedom of intercourse of our boys and girls or the cosmopolitan society of the very wealthy; we have to reckon with the millions of married men and women of the middle classes, who meet only on the most formal, superficial basis. The segregation of their lives is responsible for not a little tragedy.

Unlovely qualities in both men and women result from this lack of polarization between the sexes. Women become fussy and petty, overly sentimental, absorbed in unimportant details. They need the tonic discipline of man's dry, astringent thought; they need his unemotional realism, his impersonalities. Men shut away from women grow raw and ill-mannered and dull; the more intolerant they become of woman's influence and push her away, the more uninteresting she becomes, and the more narrow and one-sided he becomes. It is a vicious circle.

### Peculiar Morality

It may be objected that the qualities I have mentioned are unimportant compared to the things that really count. (Though the importance of unimportant things may grow out of all proportion when they pile up day after day, year beyond year, through a lifetime of living together!) The American's most outstanding asset, it will be said, is his superiority in the field of morals — a virtue that should outweigh by all odds the sum total of his defects.

Several extraneous factors have played a role in the building up of our black case against the foreigner, and it is only fair to consider a few of them. It is no secret that the women of every nation are given information colored for political purposes, since it is undesirable for them to marry aliens and raise children for another country when they could be contributing to the birth rate of their own. For heiresses to take their fortunes out of the country is still further cause for grief, as shown by the recent (defeated) bill in Congress proposing to tax into government coffers the major part of the fortune of any girl marrying a foreigner. Needless to say the European fortune hunters who come to our shores receive copious publicity, while the native variety gets little or none. And of course it is only human nature, for all of us, to succumb to the temptation to muddy the reputation of other peoples; for this enables us to enjoy a comfortable feeling of superiority ourselves.

But, when we regard the question of comparative morals with a cool, impartial eye, the gap between the performances of Americans and Europeans tends to narrow down. The difference is more one of attitude than of actual behavior. When the testimony is all in, we in this country are discovered to be romantic idealists who prefer to deceive ourselves rather than admit and face the complicated truths of life. Our suppressive attitude, which thrusts underground what other peoples allow to be seen, permits us to present a smooth surface to the world, but the whole story is not thus told.

It is not entirely a sign of virtue that we are so shocked by physical disloyalty that we tend to precipitate ourselves into the divorce court at the first indication of it — a practice considered immoral in Europe, where the permanence of the marriage institution and the claims of the family are of more weight than the passing emotional flares of the individual. Our hasty action suggests rather that we are matrimonial illiterates, that our moral code is too naïvely simple to be realistic, that we place too much emphasis on the sexual side of marriage. In this sex-conscious country there is a widespread view that sexual possession is the be-all and end-all of marital union. Perhaps the too close physical posses-



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siveness that results from this conviction, combined with the too wide mental gulf between husbands and wives, accounts for some of our trouble.

It may be objected that the American at least legalizes his affairs by divorcing and remarrying. Often true — though the moral value of such a procedure becomes doubtful when a man in his fifties smashes a marriage of 25 years' standing to embark legitimately on a second amorous adventure. The grief for all concerned may be more lamentable than if he had conducted an unobtrusive lapse on the side; such a system doesn't make for stability.

But, divorce cases aside, there is a good deal of evidence to show that even our dutiful husbands are still quite a distance from realizing their ideals of monogamy. As an example may be mentioned the behavior of American men abroad. Frenchmen have sincerely expressed themselves as rather horrified at the Americans, of all classes, whose first idea on arriving in Paris is to proceed immediately to resorts of questionable character.

### The Realistic Outlook

If, as may be suspected, American men are not quite so good as many of us have been brought up to believe, neither are European men quite so bad. And it is not solely because the morals of my Russian husband happen to be as safe and sane as the Fourth of July or because his case is proof that some foreign noblemen escape marrying heiresses and learn a new profession from the ground up instead that I conclude that Europeans in general may have been maligned.

Those who have lived in foreign countries — not those who merely travel there — will testify that misconceptions about the peoples of Europe are rampant among us. When we judge France, for instance, by the restaurants of Paris, we are misled. In the large, they are run for foreigners and by foreigners. (Curiously, in every country the proprietors of obscenity and nakedness are most often aliens.) The purveyors of vice take advantage of the more liberal French attitude to provide the sort of playground for the more puritanical nations which they cannot enjoy at home.

An American friend of mine who has lived for 25 years in Paris quotes the director of the most notorious of the glorified burlesques as follows: "Thank God the summer tourist season is over; now I can take the nude women off the stage!"

Where the European differs most from us is in his realism. He recognizes man's weakness, instead of closing his eyes to it, and holds the less romantic but more workable view that, if a husband has a good character and keeps his wife happy, an occasional incontinence on his part is not so important. The European wife in fact finds it easier to be large-minded about overlooking her husband's imperfection, because she lives more deeply and richly in her union with him. The American woman's relationship with her husband is often more superficial, not absorbing enough to stand the strain of shocks; she has less joy in it, therefore less desire to forgive her mate's faults.

In the end we must of course give credit to the charming American men who are exceptions to the rule — the men of wide interests, responsive and alive, whose company is like a shock of cold spring water on a hot day. One wishes the world were full of them. And these men's wives are not restless and discontented, no matter how few worldly goods their mates provide.

One of the happiest women I know has five children and does her own housework, but she enjoys the full companionship of her husband because he has a physical disability which prevents him from going out to work.

Another happy woman, the wife of a brilliant socialist writer, has never known security in the sense in which that most of us strive for it; for the twenty years of her married life she has been living on the edge of a volcano, but she never thinks of divorcing her husband. She is one of the youngest-looking women of her age I have seen.

It appears to be not money that the mass of American women wants — unless their lives are quite empty of other values. And their lives need not be empty if American men give them close comradeship, live a slower, richer life and share it with their wives. For American men are so very fine, when they are fine. With a little help from them, American women could easily be the happiest in the world.

**Next month: "Are Women Enslaving Men?"**



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# Women's Rise to Power

## *A Denial that Women Are Politically Ineffective*

*by* **EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON**

As an active Democratic worker in the recent presidential campaign, I viewed the early results of the *Literary Digest* poll with an alarm that no bravado could conceal. When my husband received his second ballot, though none had come to me, I undertook a little private investigation. Apparently no woman in my neighborhood had been on the mailing list. I asked other campaigners to canvass their acquaintances. At rallies all over my State I asked that women in the audiences who had been honored by the inquisitive magazine inform me of the fact after the meetings. And though, by a conservative estimate, I reached 5,000 people (in addition to those who heard my question over the radio) prior to November 3, I found not one woman who had been asked to participate in the poll. So I ceased worrying about those Republican prognostications.

I ceased worrying because I knew that a majority of the women of America was for Franklin Delano Roosevelt. As an itinerant speaker, I had traveled throughout the country, reaching groups of women everywhere, women who applauded President Roosevelt for bringing social work into government and for initiating a humanitarian program. I had talked in almost every State to men who opposed the President because of orders that had come from employers and I had heard their wives declare emancipation from coercive forces and a determination to vote their convictions. So I felt safe in prophesying that the much advertised poll would be found to be worthless because the names — taken from telephone directories, no doubt — were preponderantly those of men and because women in overwhelming numbers were for President Roosevelt.

Then, just as I was congratulating myself upon my powers of analysis and feeling that at last the whole country must recognize the importance of the women's vote, I read the article called "Ladies in Politics" in the November Forum, written by one John Gordon Ross, who is as unknown to me as Mary Dewson and Wilma Hoyal are to him.* It was as though the years had rolled back two decades and I was listening again to the inconsequential rantings of antisuffragists who held forth during my stormy adolescence. With oracular assurance, this gentleman set down opinions and theories as undocumented as

*Editor's Note: — *"John Gordon Ross" was a pseudonym, for the protection of the author's political career.*



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Grimm's fairy tales and of far less consequence.

In commenting on the progress of women in politics — and not ladies, if you please — I do not intend to give importance to Mr. Ross's diatribe by writing a reply. I should as soon attempt to prove that the story of Little Red Riding Hood conforms to the fictional rules of verisimilitude. A few of the sweeping generalizations will have to be contradicted, however. The statement that women read in the newspapers only the divorces and scandals and what Mrs. Smith-Brown wore to the Derby; the motives Mr. Ross believes to lie behind women's votes; the amazing declaration that "many women dislike Franklin D. Roosevelt because Mrs. Roosevelt runs around the country making speeches, visiting model settlements, and talking to miners' wives" — these features of the article are scarcely worth the pause required to realize that the author of "Ladies in Politics" is unwise not only in his conclusions but also in his choice of women friends.

Whether our speeches are (as he says) ineffective because our voices are unpleasant is a matter of taste concerning which there is no argument. It is a man's privilege to prefer the sounds uttered by Balaam's loquacious ass to the wit and wisdom of an Anna Howard Shaw.

Perhaps it is true that "behind almost every woman in politics there is a man." That's a fair enough turning of the tables. For centuries a few men have been generous enough to admit that aid and inspiration have come to them from women. There's Al Smith, for instance, who depended on Bella Moskowitz during the days when he was an effective person. Look what happened to Al after Bella died!

Mr. Ross may deride the "embattled suffragettes" to his heart's content, but he can't successfully consign to oblivion the "girls of 1919 who bullied Congress into passing their amendment." It will be impossible for him to persuade persons who are fortified by facts that women either are not using the vote or are adding materially to the number of "docile ballot droppers"; that women's suffrage takes its place among those reforms that "promised almost everything and accomplished almost nothing"; or that the social conscience of the enfranchised woman has not brought about "progressive legislation, especially legislation protecting children."

### Women Gain Strength

We thank Mr. Ross for the compliment implied in his thinking that in sixteen years women should have been able to bring out more votes than men have been able to muster during all the years of manhood suffrage. As a matter of fact, the number of women now registering to vote not only compares favorably with that of men but is increasing steadily. Yet with unscientific assurance Mr. Ross says that only about half as many eligible women as men register and, with a single laudable attempt at documentation, refers to an undated study of nonvoting in Chicago, in which two men found that three fourths of the nonregistered eligible voters were women. Fortunately I have before me a table of Chicago registration statistics taken from *Recent Social Trends in the United States*. Out of every 100 persons in 1920, the year the woman-suffrage amendment became effective, 36.7 were women; and in 1929 43.2 were women.

Statistics gathered by Sophonisba Breckinridge and published in *Women in the Twentieth Century*, another monograph in the social-trend series, show that the percentage of women to men among registered voters is both good and getting better. In Pennsylvania, for instance, out of every 100 registrants in 1925, 42.8 were women; and in 1931 44.4 were women. In Rhode Island the figure jumped from 38.9 in 1920 to 45.4 in 1930; in Vermont from 44.2 in 1924 to 46.9 in 1930. It must be remembered, moreover, that there are about 1,500,000 more men in the United States than there are women. Simon Michelet, president of the National Get Out the Vote Club, estimated in a press release that women cast 45 per cent of the presidential vote in 1932, 43 or 44 per cent in 1928, and 35 per cent in 1924. In the last presidential election before the adoption of the nineteenth amendment — and a most important one, because America's entrance into the War had been injected into the campaign — 18,528,743 votes were cast. The unofficial count of the 1936 election gives 41,734,000 as the total number of voters. These figures indicate that women are voting.

It is certainly true that the enfranchisement of women has not brought about the millennium promised by a few overoptimistic suffragists. Now that many years have elapsed, I don't



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mind divulging a secret. Suffragists never really thought that women equipped with the ballot could work miracles overnight and correct all the evils men had permitted to creep into politics, but rather they tended to agree with Mrs. Poyser who said, you recall, "I'm not denying the women are foolish. God Almighty made 'em to match the men." Just as Abraham Lincoln decided in 1863 to emancipate the slaves in order that a moral issue might be injected into the war between the States, so the suffragists borrowed from men the only campaign tactics that have ever influenced emotional humans and made here and there some exaggerated prophecies that were little more than hopes, while all the time they wanted the vote as a human right and duty and because it would be helpful in bringing women to their full stature.

Certainly sixteen years would seem all too short a period for undoing all the wrongs set in motion through centuries of man's supremacy in government.

### Baptism of Fire

It is not surprising that women have done so little in politics but that we have done so much! We had been sitting, you see, in the bleachers, watching a game that can be learned only through active participation. Men were the players, the coaches, the umpires, the linesmen, the water boys. When it suddenly became clear that the gate receipts depended somewhat upon us, men began to make chivalrous and very awkward gestures. Obviously, some honorary appointments must go to women. The recipients, moreover, were chosen by men, not by women. Vice-chairwomen were usually women whose husbands, either living or dead, had served the party well. Dear Mrs. Rebecca Felton was allowed to be senator for a day. Widows of congressmen were appointed to fill unexpired terms, while the better type of women's organization protested valiantly that such appointments could result only in postponing women's full participation in public affairs. Those women best qualified for leadership and trained somewhat in political technique were overlooked, because their work for suffrage had won for them powerful enemies who were still smarting from either defeat or compromises grudgingly made.

Comparatively few women understood how the wheels of politics were oiled or how they revolved. It took a little time to discover what we needed to learn and then how to go about learning it. In my county, for instance, precinct meetings for the election of delegates to the county convention either are not held or they are advertised so late and so inconspicuously as not to come to the voters' attention. Last summer, for the first time, a woman was sent from the county to the State Democratic convention, and two were elected to represent the State at Philadelphia.

And here is how the masculine unanimity was ended. Because the precinct chairman is the husband of one of my best friends, I got wind of the meeting. At the last moment my friend and I corralled two other women to go with us. At the meeting there were four men and four women besides the chairman. A man nominated four men as delegates to the county convention. I immediately nominated the three other women present, and someone nominated me as the fourth. One of the men laughed. There would be a tie, and the chairman — a man — would cast the deciding vote. So it was clear that we would be beaten. Fortunately, however, one of the four men was my husband, who believes in a square deal and who announced that he would stand with the women. When the men — our neighbors, by the way, and close friends — saw that the tables had been turned, they begged for a compromise, to which we agreed. An equal number of men and women went from our precinct to the county convention. The camel's head was in the Arab's tent. So it was simple enough to elect a woman to the State convention and two women from our county to the national convention. Yet I lived in the county eleven years before I was able to find out when a precinct meeting was to be held. (Perhaps there had been none in that time.) As a member of the credentials committee at the county convention, I learned that most of the meetings for the election of delegates had taken place over the telephone.

It is perfectly true that far too few qualified women have achieved public office. Since mud slinging is still the order of political campaigns in many States and since a woman finds it harder than does a man to survive her character's being torn to shreds, many women capable of becoming useful public servants



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have withdrawn from politics after the experiences of one campaign. There are signs, however, that the cure is in sight, for leadership in party organization is being assumed by such women as Mary Dewson and Wilma Hoyal, who, despite Mr. Ross's slurring reference, are known to be champions of women and to be working not only for partisan issues but also for the advancement of woman's status.

All over the country the party auxiliary, composed of yes-yes women appointed to do the bidding of men, has given place to women's political clubs, independently organized and led by women who seek recognition in order that another point of view may be represented in public affairs. In every State I have visited during the last four years (and I have been in about all of them), I found fewer widows and wives of politicians holding offices in party organizations and more bona fide representatives of women.

The women's vote, now large and important, has caused politicians to realize that the man-appointed and man-run auxiliary, composed of officeholders' wives, doesn't bring women voters to their cause. There have been too many telling demonstrations recently — one or two in my own State — of how women who understand women can turn the tide of elections. Now the men know that they must recognize those women who have achieved leadership among women. So at last we are doing our own organizing and standing behind candidates who will promote policies for which women have declared.

### Women Who Led the Way

Though men have been in the political saddle so long that it is difficult to make them jump off or move over, Mr. Ross is quite wrong in believing that economic dependence is one of the contributing causes of woman's failure to gain full party recognition. The last census shows that 11,000,000 women in America earn their own livings. Thousands of others who did not make a confidant of the census taker contribute materially to family support through part-time work inside their homes. Women now own 43 per cent of the wealth in the country. So it is really going a little far afield to say that "most women have no money of their own." Even many dependent wives live with men who practice an income-sharing plan.

While women have not received the measure of individual distinction in politics that many deserve and more will get in time, through the exercise of the ballot we have forced many of the social reforms we promised. Mr. Ross accuses us of having initiated no new political theory. Since every program that seems new today was formulated or perhaps tried and abandoned by the ancients and since incomplete annals prevent our tracing ideas to their original sources, it is probably impossible either to prove or to disprove Mr. Ross's unimportant contention. While Aristotle put into words the idea that the State came into being to make life possible and continued in existence to make life good, women have been engaged always, both individually and collectively, in promoting the social well-being of citizens and have striven to extend the functions of government to include care of those persons who should be its wards.

More than 80 years ago Dorothea Lynde Dix pleaded before legislatures for the humane treatment of the insane, and organized pressure groups of women were able ultimately to fix a new responsibility upon the States. It was Clara Barton, backed by women, who succeeded in making the Red Cross an international agency of mercy. In 1904 the General Federation of Women's Clubs organized legislative committees to work for child protection, against child labor, for pure-food laws, for libraries, and for other legislation in line with the second clause of Aristotle's dictum. Continuously in all the States lobbies have worked in behalf of laws endorsed by women's organizations. Perhaps women did not originate the political philosophy that places upon government the responsibility of caring for the unfortunates in society, but we have had much to do with translating theory into law.

In the decade following the enfranchisement of women, social legislation gained in momentum, for the indirect appeal of women's lobbies had been reinforced by the ballot. During the first years of the depression the program suffered because funds were not available. Now its speed is exceeding that of the 'twenties. Voters have asked for better conditions and voters have been heard.

For seven years, by appointment of two governors, I have served on the Board of Public Welfare of my State and I have seen the



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smallest department in our government become the most important. Women have stood behind specific bills; and the pressure of a public opinion backed by votes has caused assemblymen to place a new emphasis on human welfare. We have now a children's code that is being used as a model by many other States. A woman's organization convinced an open-minded and progressive governor that a children's-code commission should be appointed, and that organization lobbied diligently for the specific bills that the report of the commission showed to be essential. In varying degrees the progress in other states has been similar to that in Virginia.

After all, the suffragists did not promise to get offices for themselves. Nor did they realize how important it is that women should occupy positions of power. They promised, however, to look after the children and those adults less fortunate than they. This they have done, perhaps not always caring enough about the methods of the political boss who promoted the salutary program they sponsored.

### Facing Economic Facts

It is hard to understand how Mr. Ross could have lived in this world the last four years without realizing that women are interested in economic questions. In 1931 the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs adopted a ten-year objective which pledged its members to study economics and the social implications involved, to the end that they might help create a social order in which both men and women could develop their capabilities and be adequately rewarded for their labors. For three and a half years as National Field Representative I went throughout the country, meeting leaders and followers in the Federation. Everywhere clubs were taking the objective with high seriousness. Economic subjects were almost the only ones that appeared on the programs. Study groups in economics were formed. Similarly, the American Association of University Women, the industrial and businesswomen's groups of the Y.M.C.A., clubs under the General Federation, and many others injected the economic emphasis into their programs.

During these years I spoke before many men's service clubs. The boys were still playing with balloons and toy animals, having a good time, and talking about nothing that could influence social trends.

In July, 1933, the National Federation met for its next biennial convention and adopted a platform that reads like the national security act and the best part of the recovery program. Back to their States went the delegates, intent upon seeing that the planks of that platform were studied. Sixty thousand women delving into banks and banking; discussing the need for stock-market regulation, unemployment insurance, old-age benefits, broader educational programs, better care of children, and related subjects! Sixty thousand women reaching other organized women and men as well! It isn't strange that the Congress adopted a constructive program. I know scarcely a woman's club under any national organization that has not either studied the security act or had the titles explained carefully by experts in the various fields that the measure touches. Whether they were right or wrong, women in America knew why they voted for President Roosevelt on November 3.

I don't know, of course, how long ago Frank Kent — of all people to be quoted now — made the statement passed on by Mr. Ross to the effect that the politicians do not worry about women, "for they feel that most of them vote as their fathers and husbands vote." Since another of Mr. Ross's profound comments upon the docility of the woman voter is fortified by something Charles Edward Russell said in 1924, I hope it is not unfair to assume that the overturning of the *Literary Digest* poll has changed Mr. Kent's estimate of the woman voter in the time that has probably elapsed since his unweighed comment. The unvarnished truth is that women have united on important issues and that politicians realize what has happened. In addition, women are developing from their ranks a leadership that is no longer quieted by courteous gestures. In every State there are now women who can influence the women's vote. Without their aid politicians are helpless. Therefore increased recognition and increased power are already discernible as the direct result of a new awareness on the part of both men and women. Though I have no information concerning one John Gordon Ross, I am sure that he is not in politics. If he were he would know better than to be disrespectful.



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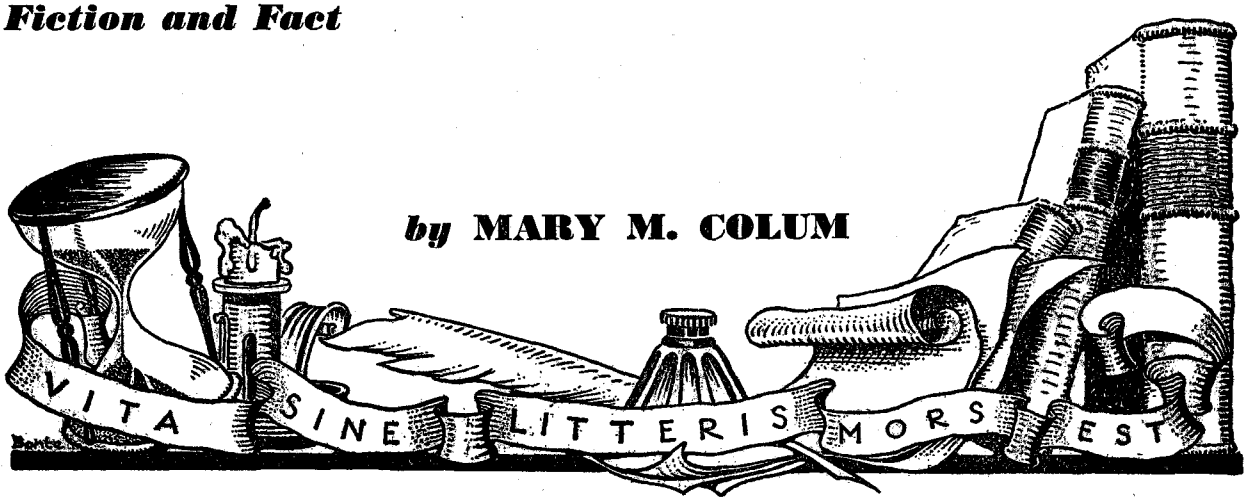
# Life and Literature*

## *Fiction and Fact*




*by* **MARY M. COLUM**

WHAT MAKES for the marked superiority of the southern novel? For there is no doubt in my mind but that the young southern novelists are superior to the young northern novelists; that their best novels have a poetic quality, a depth of communication with life that we find all too rarely in the northern work. Before me is a novel, *A World I Never Made*, by a highly praised northern writer, James T. Farrell, and two southern novels, *The Tallons*, by William March, and *Absalom, Absalom!* by William Faulkner; and the quality of the southern novels is so far above *A World I Never Made* that they make it seem ordinary and commonplace.

William March's *The Tallons* is the best American novel I have read since a novel by another southerner, Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River*. The qualities shown in *Absalom, Absalom!* are as remarkable as those shown in *The Tallons*, but the resulting combination is not so starkly dramatic, and the book is often monotonous and difficult to read. Probably neither of these two gifted writers will get such extravagant praise as one reviewer meted out to James T. Farrell and which is quoted on the wrapper of his present book: "It is not only possible but rather easy to claim for this author first place among American present-day novelists." Why is this sort of claim put forward for this writer? And why is the word *great*, if not definitely uttered, hinted at in many quarters when his books are reviewed?

First of all, because socially and politically James Farrell belongs to the left, and any passably expert writer who can give the impression that he has read his Marx and approves of the Marxian dialectic is sure of tender handling from certain influential New York reviewers. Marxism, of but scant interest to the country as a whole, is the current literary enthusiasm in New York. Mr. Farrell's novels are a study of the proletariat and represent a sort of criticism of society; his people are the victims of the unequal distribution of wealth and the supposed victims of their religious beliefs: the religious belief of his O'Neills and O'Flaherties is an elementary form of Catholicism of an Irish brand, with a flavor of folklore.

But his proletarianism, his peculiar brand of social indignation, would not in itself get him much applause outside the readers of *The New Masses;* there are other things in his novels that make appeal. For instance, in *A World I Never Made*, he exploits what are called the "facts of life," and no one will deny that this exploitation has always had a sensation value, even when done so as to disgust readers; it has even at times in literature, when clad or molded in great human emotions, had an artistic value. I am willing to admit that, when done with the dashing Latin *esprit*, the exploitation of the facts of life may have comedy value. Now, when James T. Farrell depicts two children

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed here by Mrs. Colum are:* A World I Never Made, *by James T. Farrell (Vanguard, $2.50);* The Tallons, *by William March (Random House, $2.50);* Absalom, Absalom! *by William Faulkner (Random House, $2.50 & $5.00);* The Secret Journey, *by James Hanley (Macmillan, $2.50);* American Testament, *by Joseph Freeman (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00);* Movers and Shakers, *by Mabel Dodge Luhan (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00).*



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discussing or rehearsing the mechanics of sex, we have not a doubt that the scene represents something that actually happens every day; when he describes what goes on in bathrooms and lavatories he is likewise describing common happenings. But I maintain that not all the geniuses from Sophocles to Dante and Dante to Tolstoy could make art of such stuff. It is realism gone to seed, worn to tatters, and looking around for a few lurid rags to clothe itself in so as to draw the wearied attention.

### Shantytown in Caricature

The truth of it is we are all worn out with realism in literature; its day is done; it has become too easy. Because a thing happens in life, copying it down or describing it in the raw does not make it literature. Because a thing happens in life is in itself no reason why it should be described in a book at all, except in some kind of clinical work. In *A World I Never Made*, the author freely makes use, to drive home his descriptions, of a latrinal vocabulary, of a kind that will convince some of his readers that he is a very experienced and courageous author. Combined with these attractions he has real merits which make for his popularity with intelligent readers. He has a peculiar turn of mind that is akin to that of the makers of the great popular art of America, the comic strip. Like the able and inventive minds that created Andy Gump, Major Hoople, Caspar Milquetoast, Little Orphan Annie, Mr. and Mrs., he is a caricaturist. He is able to show people with their humors and habits and foibles more exaggerated than they are in life. Almost every scene, every chapter in *A World I Never Made* could have been excellently, mockingly presented in a cartoon, in a page which might be captioned *The O'Neills and the O'Flaherties*.

Farrell's people are Irish-American, and, like Clifford Odets' Bronx Jews, the younger generation are materialists. But Farrell has not the tragic sense of life that Odets undoubtedly has — hence his caricaturing. His are the creations of a mind destitute of the tragic sense, as the makers of the comic strip are destitute of the tragic sense; these people are like Andy Gump and Little Orphan Annie, people for whom all dilemmas can be resolved in a way that will make us feel both amused and superior.

Here is an example of what I mean by the cartoon quality of the novel. The words are not so succinct as the vocalizations in the cartoon, but they are of the same order:

> Margaret had not gone five minutes before there was a knock at the door. Lizz, with the infant in her arms, dragged her feet to answer it. All of the children gathered around her. A burly, rough-faced man stood at the door. She screamed, and pushed to close the door, but he put a foot against it, preventing her.
>
> "Mrs. O'Neill?"
>
> "The lady of the house ain't home. I'm just the nurse here. I'm minding the children for her. I don't know anything," Lizz said.
>
> "If I could come in a moment, I could explain what I wanted," the man genially said.
>
> "I'm alone with my children, a poor helpless woman. If you don't go away, I'll call the police. My man's cousin, Pat Dennison, is a plain-clothes man, and he'll run you in. And my sister went to school with Judge Mahoney, and he'll send you up to Joliet if you harm an innocent woman like me."
>
> "I have no intention of doing you any harm, Mrs. O'Neill."
>
> "I'm not Mrs. O'Neill . . ."
>
> The man flashed a star.
>
> "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, what's wrong now? Oh, my God, what's happened to my husband? Is he dead?" Lizz said. She turned to Little Margaret. "Sister, hold the baby, your mother is fainting."
>
> "There's nothing wrong," the man said, catching Mrs. O'Neill before she fell. "I just want to ask you some questions."
>
> "Come in, officer, do you know my cousin, Sergeant. . . ."

Now this sort of writing has certainly merit; it does bring over a part of life as lived by streetfuls of people in northern industrial cities, and a real flavor comes through it. Farrell does even, once in a while, try to endow some individual with personal life. He tries to give a spiritual life, as all human beings have a spiritual life of some sort, to Al O'Flaherty, the drummer, with his reading of Emerson and his perpetual concern with refinement. But on the whole we do not get from Farrell's people any great sense of personal or individual life and certainly no sense of personal dignity. He has all the talents of the comic-strip artist — humor, intelligence, observation, a skillful and condescending mockery; and all this gives his book more of a flavor than most contemporary novels. Farrell has that great drawback of almost all proletarian novelists — he seems unable to imagine a human being with dignity and an autonomous interior life.

### Tragedy of Inadequacy

Now let us come to the southern writers. In *The Tallons* William March has created



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his own world; he has given his characters body and soul. There is about them the strangeness, the loneliness, the sense of being in an inescapable dilemma that we find in most if not in all human beings in the modern world. Not since Hardy died have we been given the same sense of the President of the Immortals having his sport with mortals that we find in this book — or, in a phrase of the novelist's own, the same sharp sense of the "inevitable frustration of man."

Let it be said right away that March's characters are not the normal or healthy physical animals that Farrell gives us. One of his men characters has a harelip, and the author manages subtly to give him a character and temperament that corresponds to his affliction. Another becomes the victim of a sort of insanity to which he was already temperamentally inclined. Most remarkably and without effort does March show us the disintegration of a man who, though strong and vigorous, has always had (this becomes clear when we reach the end of him) something mad in his make-up. This is as it happens in life; when people show themselves insane we always remember the things in their lives that pointed to this consummation.

I have had occasion to note before in this department William March's remarkable power in drawing psychopathic characters, characters driven beyond themselves by frustration, by feelings of inadequacy, by the complexity of life. The realists who copy life or caricature it can never give the illusion of a living world as can a writer of this kind, who has so few of the tricks of realism but who can take human passions, human longings for happiness and love and beauty and make a world for them.

This story revolves around Myrtle Bickerstaff and her relations with the two Tallon brothers. One of them, Andrew, the harelipped, falls profoundly in love with her; and the other, Jim, marries her. One of the brothers is physically maimed, the other psychically. Jim is affected by Myrtle in a mixture of love and hate, a torturing ambivalence impossible to an entirely sane man. How this mixture of emotions gradually drags him down into insanity is shown up against the great sanity of the love of the physically repulsive brother. This makes the interest of the novel. The harelipped Andrew is a half-articulate poet with a wholly poetic temperament and sympathy, and he writes poems to Myrtle based on the only literature he knows, the Bible — beautiful poems they are, too. Indeed, the whole novel is warped and woofed with poetry and with philosophy, the sad philosophy of the "inevitable frustration of man," a philosophy that in our time has invaded even the minds of the simplest.

All the scenes between the brothers, with the odd, inevitable ways in which their characters are revealed — the complex relationship between the two; the domination of Jim over Andrew and of Andrew over Jim, until finally, with the marriage of Jim to Andrew's beloved Myrtle, the domination comes to an end — all this is dramatically and subtly done. The characterization of the women is not equal to that of the men, and yet we will remember for long the study of the commonplace, if physically attractive, Myrtle and her equally commonplace mother and their complete bewilderment before the incomprehensible complexities of men. We have in these two the picture of a simple type of woman who has played more havoc with men's lives than all the charmers from Helen of Troy to Ninon de Lenclos; these are the sort whom men live contentedly with, and they are the sort they murder.

### Faulkner's Struggle with Technique

How does the second southern novel, *Absalom, Absalom!* compare with *The Tallons*? Certain single passages have a dramatic beauty and tension beyond anything that March accomplishes in single passages. William Faulkner can do things with language, with the sound of words that March cannot do. He is making a struggle with form and with language; but his form in this novel seems to me to be too incoherent, and his long, trailing sentences are often difficult, if not exasperating, reading. He is too dazzled by wondrously involved sentences and wondrously involved sounds. Yet there are powerful scenes in the book, all done in the narrative manner in which there is no action and hardly any dialogue, all related by different people.

The cry of King David gives title to the novel. The David is Thomas Sutpen, who builds the house called Sutpen's Hundreds. His son, Charles, by a part-negro Haitian wife, is killed by Henry, the son born to him



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by his second wife. Here there enters the ancient theme of the girl who wants to marry her own father's son. Thomas Sutpen's daughter, Judith, wants to marry his negroid Charles, and it is for this that Charles is killed by Henry, who had loved him as Jonathan was loved.

Thomas Sutpen is an enigmatic character, and before he comes to the town of Jefferson he has been a robber and a fighter like King David. Here is Sutpen as the town first sees him:

> A man with a big frame but gaunt now almost to emaciation, with a short reddish beard which resembled a disguise and above which his pale eyes had a quality at once visionary and alert, ruthless and reposed in a face whose flesh had the appearance of pottery, of having been colored by that oven's fever either of soul or environment, deeper than sun alone beneath a dead impervious surface as of glazed clay.

We see grouped around him his band of wild niggers, like beasts half tamed to walk upright like men, in attitudes wild and reposed, and manacled among them the architect who was to build the vast house:

> Immobile, bearded and hand palm-uplifted the horseman sat; behind him the wild blacks and the captive architect huddled quietly, carrying in bloodless paradox the shovels and picks and axes of peaceful conquest.

This sort of writing is the precise opposite of Farrell's, though the word *exaggeration* might be applied to both. Farrell's exaggeration is always toward farcical comedy and toward making what is individual generalized, while Faulkner's exaggeration is toward a mystical and mysterious tragedy and toward making what is individual unique to the point of being demoniacal. Farrell's revolutionary novels are really very soothing, because they give us the sense that men and women are tamed creatures who can eventually be made satisfied with bread and circuses and with easy sensual gratifications. Faulkner's novels are very disturbing, because they give us the sense that human beings will never be satisfied with anything that society can give them, that they are so tortuous, so mutually destructive, and so self-destructive that there is no possibility of any social change making very much difference in human existence.

Yet, while this book of Faulkner's shows a powerful talent, it is an unsuccessful novel. We regret that this should be the net result of all that power for creating situation and atmosphere and producing sentences of deep import and beauty. His people all have the same kind of tension; they all feel the same terror; all the narrators in the story relate their tales in the same manner, with the same kind of words. Yet it is giving great praise to *Absalom, Absalom!* to say that it actually brings *Wuthering Heights* to our minds.

William Faulkner is struggling with a difficult technique, and one cannot help believing that, if he had the opportunity (as writers in other countries naturally have) of threshing out his technical ideas around a café table, his accomplishment would not be so incoherent as it is. Obviously he has studied Joyce and Proust, as well as *Wuthering Heights* and *The Fall of the House of Usher;* but Joyce knew George Moore, and George Moore knew Dujardin — who invented the interior monologue — and he knew Zola and Turgenev; and, as for the artists Proust talked with and studied, the list is too long to write down.

Could we sum up in a few lines what is in these southern writers that is absent from the bulk of the northern novels? There is a complexity of interior life; there is a sense of tragedy; there is a sense of the relation of life to the soil, to the earth and the people around. The authors have an inherited culture, a culture and emotions that come out of leisure, as a Mexican or Italian peasant has a culture that comes out of leisure and as the busy president of a great university might not have. The fire in their emotions does not all come from the body or the brain but from the spirit and the spirit's longing for some meaning to life. They have not the simple illusions of the northern industrial city novelists, that all life's frustrations can be settled the minute capitalism is liquidated and the "bourgeois ideology" banished from life and that the incompleteness of human destiny can be made complete by some economic arrangements.

### A Journey in Mystery

There is before me an English novel that is on the surface far closer to James Farrell's than these remarkable southern novels are. It is *The Secret Journey*, a novel of an English industrial town, by James Hanley. His people, like Farrell's, are Irish Catholic immigrant working people but in an English



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town, and they definitely belong to the English scene as the O'Neills and the O'Flaherties belong to the American scene. But James Hanley has a real imagination: his people live a deeper life than Farrell's.

*The Secret Journey* is the second part of a trilogy, and, when it opens, the Fury family is immersed in a mounting debt to a curious woman moneylender, a sort of Balzacian character. This debt is the result of Mrs. Fury's pride and ambition and something more — the desire to translate the hunger of her imagination into some compensating reality. She wants to make her youngest son, Peter, a priest, and to give him the education necessary she has had to have recourse to the moneylender, Mrs Ragner. Mrs. Fury's imagination would get some release if she could see her son clad in vestments on an altar. But Peter, it turns out, wants none of this; worse than all, he has a love affair with his brother's wife. In turn, Anna Ragner develops a sinister passion for him.

James Hanley writes as if he had studied Balzac as a model for character and situation, but his model for writing would seem to be someone like Sinclair Lewis or an imitator of Sinclair Lewis, and his writing is too often Main-Streetish. Yet he resembles the southern American writers in this at least: that from his book comes the sense of lives lived mysteriously, the sense of tragic situations and unresolvable dilemmas. The attitudes of life of our southern novelists and of the English novelists have far more in common than either has with our northern novelists. How terribly often do we find the attitude of these northern urban novelists, from Sinclair Lewis to James Farrell, revealed in a desire to caricature; to satirize; to make general types, to reveal them with a humorous condescension, and to strip them of all sense of tragedy — which in the end strips them of all human dignity! The tragedy which ends *The Secret Journey*, the English proletarian novel, is real, as the tragedy of *The Tallons* is real, and so is far removed from that merely dreary pathos and sordidness of mind and spirit which characterize so many current novels and short stories.

### American Testaments

The fictional narrative has been a popular literary form for only something over a hundred years. For a while after the War, fiction of all types sank to a low level of favor with readers, and biography, fictionized and otherwise, took its place. Less frequently we had the autobiography, and, if you have any doubt of the dullness in what are, to many, exciting or charmed lives, you have only to read the autobiographies of Lady Asquith, Princess Daisy of Pless, the Queen of Rumania, and, now, the recently published record of the futile life of Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt. On the other hand, an autobiography like Joseph Freeman's *American Testament* or Mabel Dodge Luhan's, of which the second part, *Movers and Shakers*, is now published, has an interestingness surpassing the bulk of novels and biographies and for the same reason that made the memoir writers of the old days interesting: the work gives us a bit of the social history of the day.

The story that Joseph Freeman relates is not an unfamiliar one: that of a Jewish boy, born in Europe, who comes with his family to America at an early age. The family graduates from the east-side slums of New York to prosperity; the boy has idealism and an intellectual ancestry and finally attaches himself to those twin romantic attractions of many modern youths — a writing career and a devotion to the ideals of Soviet Russia. Like a number of the Marxian intelligentsia, he is a little more interested in what communism does for him than what it might be supposed to do for a downtrodden proletariat. He takes himself very seriously. Nevertheless, *American Testament* is so much of this time and place that its value as documentary evidence, as a testament in short, of frustrations and aspirations of our time, is incontestable.

The same value but in a higher degree inheres in Mabel Dodge Luhan's *Movers and Shakers*, which is possibly the most extraordinary autobiography ever written by a woman. Its author has no reserves, and she does not seem to care what conclusions her readers come to about her. Mabel Dodge appears to have had enormous vitality, the first necessity for expansive living; then she had wealth, the second necessity; in addition, she had fearlessness and another quality which is supposed to be the attribute of only old aristocracies and seldom even of them: she had no prejudices of any kind.



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She had also a quality which one hears frequently described in Europe as peculiarly American — she had no sense of sin. Determined to enjoy herself in body and mind and having the physical, mental, and economic means to do so, she did it thoroughly. She had lovers and a couple of husbands; she did not mind at all using other people, emotionally or intellectually, for her own expansion. "I never wanted all of any of them — only enough to color my life," she remarks blandly. When she got what she wanted out of men she was through with them. But, with all her ruthless exploitation of others' personalities, she must have had great charm, unusual mentality, and a warm heart. Nobody is ever really loved except the warm-hearted, and Mabel Dodge seems to have been loved, not only by her lovers but by her friends.

The present volume, *Movers and Shakers*, deals chiefly with her life in America, with her salon in New York and with her relationship with a number of outstanding men and women. The period between 1910 and 1922 was really a very stirring period, intellectually and artistically, in America, and it is this period that is given us in these pages. The country then was intellectually coming of age. Artistic interests were stirred to excitement by the celebrated armory exhibition of modern art in 1913. There was a great awakening interest in literature, art, and ideas: then began Eugene O'Neill and the Provincetown Theater, the novels of Theodore Dreiser, the poetry of Frost, Robinson, Masters, and Lindsay. Harriet Monroe founded in Chicago a magazine entirely devoted to poetry which had reverberations in every literature-producing country. The fantastic interest in sex which reached its apex in the 1920–30 decade caused a sort of semiliterate attachment to psychoanalysis, not because it threw any light on the working of the psyche but because it seemed to provide an excuse or even a mandate for sex experimentation. New York, Chicago, and other large cities were full of vital and exciting movements and personalities, and Mabel Dodge was in some way mixed up with nearly all of them. John Reed, Lincoln Steffens, Margaret Sanger, Walter Lippmann, Maurice Stern, Edwin Arlington Robinson, A. A. Brill are amongst the array of those who keep coming in and out of these pages.

Some new and dynamic form of expression might have come out of all this seething life. But the War or at least America's entrance into it destroyed the spirit that was back of it all. When the period ended, a slump, a depression of spirit, fell on the younger intellectuals and filled them with a sense of frustration. For a while there was mass emigration to Europe, especially to Paris; and energies were scattered which, if they could have remained concentrated, might have given a patrimony to the present generation, which now feels so bitterly the lack of it.

## *Song in the Saddle*

*Wind on my hair, wind on my breast,*
*Wind of the earth and sky!*
*And we ride together upon our quest,*
*The wind and my horse and I,*
*So swiftly, it seems that we must rest*
*While the road goes flashing by.*

*What, to the wind, is the cloak of despair*
*That love once gave me and bade me wear?*
*My blood flows warm, my strength is free!*
*What is a dream so fleet,*
*When the wind and the sky were made for me,*
*And the earth for my horse's feet,*
*When the heart of life's own ecstasy*
*Beats as the wild hoofs beat?*

*And what is a soul, and what is despair,*
*To the wind on my breast, to the wind on my hair?*

**Louise McNeill**



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# Can China Survive?

*by* **HU SHIH**

In their new book, *Can China Survive?* my friends Hallett Abend and Anthony J. Billingham propound an interesting theme and arrive at a terrible conclusion:

> Unmolested, China might survive and eventually achieve real unification, particularly if she were given intelligent help from outside. But with Japan exerting a constantly growing pressure, with the Japanese government avowedly determined to keep other nations from playing a large part in China's future development, and with Soviet Russia occasionally filching away large areas of the northern territories, the prospects for survival, except under Japanese direction, or as an adjunct to the Soviet Union, seem gloomy indeed.

I am not interested in refuting the thesis of my journalistic friends, which, I must confess, is sufficiently refuted by the main body of the book itself. For, though they have told us in the opening chapters that Chinese unification is a "myth" and that "today China seems to expect every other nation to do its duty, while making no concrete plans to do anything for itself," the reader of the book can readily see that unification is a reality. For example, we find this:

> Today things are different. . . . Reforms, modernizations, and reconstruction projects are . . . being carried out in a surprising and ever increasing measure. There have probably been more actual physical and beneficial changes made in China in the last five years than in the preceding half century. This is no doubt due to the increasing power and authority of the Central government, but must also in a large measure be attributed to a new vigor which seems to be released in the land.

Is it necessary for me to point out to the authors that political unification exactly means the "increasing power and authority of the central government"?

I am, however, more interested in a sentence of my own which another friend, Mr. Lin Yutang, has done me the honor to quote in his book, *My Country and My People*. This sentence is: "If China does not perish, God is blind." As Mr. Lin Yutang has quoted this saying without its context, which alone can make it intelligible, and as this remark seems to have some bearing on the question of the survival of my country, I am tempted to offer a few words of explanation.

I remember distinctly when and under what circumstances I made such a sweeping condemnation of my own country. It was in the summer of 1920, when I was talking with an editor of the *Peking Morning Post*, under the shades of a 600-year-old fir tree in the Central Park, which had for centuries been a part of the imperial palace. I was in a mood of lecturing to him, because he was one of my mature students. I said that our ancestors had committed many grave sins, every one of which could have ruined a nation and destroyed a race. I enumerated half a dozen of them — foot-binding by the women for a thousand years, opium smoking for over 300 years, wasting the best brains of the intelligentsia in mastering the octopartite ("eight-legged") form of classical composition for 600 years, the use of torture in the law courts for obtaining confessions for all the centuries, conversion to an other-worldly religion of India for 2,000 years, and so on. I said to my friend:

> These sins of our fathers are visited on us. And we have not done enough to eradicate their evil effects. When I look back into history and contemplate these deadly burdens of a terrible heritage, I often tremble and say to myself, "If China does not perish, there is no divine justice." And it was really sheer luck that China did not perish during the last 80 years of her contact with the militant powers of the West.

That was the origin of the much quoted and misquoted saying of mine of sixteen years ago. It was said in all earnestness as a stern warning to my own people, especially to those whose uncritical reading of history had led them to place too much reliance on what they called our glorious past and to those who saw in old China only the "China of blue porcelain bowls and exquisite silk scrolls" and forgot it was also the



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nest of vice, dire poverty, prevalent ignorance, and unbelievable cruelty. Our past was neither all glory nor all beauty. Whatever glory and beauty there was belonged to the past and does not help us to achieve our own survival today.

Our own survival and salvation must depend on our own success in rectifying the evil effects of the sins of our fathers and in positively solving our new problems, which living in a new world has forced upon us. In the last two decades, I have watched my people work in both these directions and I am convinced that our successes in these efforts warrant us to believe that, however the present crisis in the East may turn out, China can survive.

II

HERBERT SPENCER once said that nature was kind, in that acquired characters are not transmissible, for, if they were, the feet of the descendants of a Chinese mother of bound feet would become smaller and smaller throughout the generations. The same consideration applies to all the evil institutions of our ancestors, which, though great evils in themselves, were man-made and capable of being uprooted by human efforts. Once the Chinese girl is freed from the fetters of foot-binding and is given the benefits of modern schooling and physical exercises, she bursts forth in full blossom as one of the most beautiful and graceful species of womanhood. And her brother, when he gives up the octopartite composition and submits himself to the discipline of the modern school and the scientific laboratory, is capable of surprising the world by his dexterity in handling the test tube and the microscope, and by his quick understanding and creative ingenuity in scientific research. Six centuries of wasteful literary gymnastics apparently have not disabled the Chinese mentality any more than 1,000 years of foot-binding have permanently crippled the feet of the Chinese girls.

These sins of our fathers are merely institutional, social, and educational. They are not biological or racial. New institutions have replaced old ones, which soon lose all their traces, because the people, once brought back to their senses, are so ashamed of them that they destroy all reminders of their former sins. I am afraid future directors of historical and sociological museums will find it very difficult to collect the women's footwear of the foot-binding days or the exquisite tools of opium smoking, if such articles are allowed to disappear with the rapidity they are today. It is really amazing and indeed amusing to see that, whereas in the old days women with large feet would resort to artificial devices to make them appear small, today elderly ladies having bound feet are inventing new devices to make their feet appear "natural." And all this change of psychology has taken place in my lifetime.

It must be admitted, however, that habits of thinking and acting formed under certain social institutions for long centuries cannot be easily eradicated. The use of torture in the law courts, for example, represented a mental habit — the habit of demanding speedy justice, of impatience with careful search, argument, and sifting of evidence. The new codes and courts and the prohibition of torture, it is pointed out, cannot do away with this impatience for the "due process of law," which is necessarily slow and expensive. It is this old mental habit which endears to the peasants of Shantung their military governor, General Han Fu-chu, who, "acting as governor, magistrate, judge, jury, and lawyer at the same time," hands out "rough justice" to the people. Mr. Abend says of him that he "gets results," and Mr. Lin Yutang, who elsewhere most enthusiastically praised Hanfeitse for advocating a government by law, thinks "the province is lucky which sees the type of enlightened despotism of General Han Fu-chu." It is probably the same old mental impatience that has made Mr. Lin Yutang dream of a "Great Executioner" as the "Savior of China":

> Behold, here the great Savior comes! The Great Executioner nails the banner of Justice on the city wall. . . . Whosoever says he is above the law and refuses to bow before the banner will be beheaded and his head will be thrown into the lake. . . . And of those whose heads the Great Executioner chops off, great is the number . . . and the lake is dyed red with their blood of iniquity.

When I read these beautifully written pages, I cannot help sighing, "Truly the old mental habits die hard!"

But I do not despair. Education and experience will change and rectify these hard-dying habits. And they are changing with a truly amazing rapidity. Mr. Lin Yutang has said:

> We are an old nation. . . . We do not want to race about in a field for a ball, we prefer to saunter along willow banks to listen to the bird's song and



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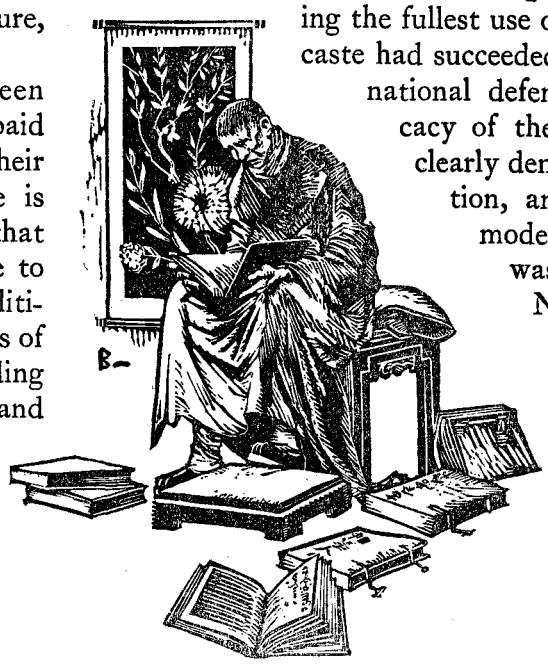
> the children's laughter. . . . We do not ache to reach the foot of the mountain when we are in the middle of the lake, and we do not ache to be at the top of the hill when we are at its foot.

All this is no longer true, fortunately. We are no longer an old nation. We are a changing and rejuvenated nation. We — Mr. Lin and I and thousands of others — are witnessing our own sons and daughters running about in a field for a ball, swimming the open seas, and aching to scale the highest peaks of the mountains.

In short, China has been more successful in the uprooting of old evils than the outside world has suspected. In the course of a quarter of a century, my people have thrown off the monarchy, together with its huge paraphernalia of vice, which had existed from time immemorial; the practice of foot-binding, which had existed a thousand years; the whole system of education in useless literary gymnastics, which had prevailed at least 1,400 years; the old laws, which were the best examples of what Sir Henry Maine called the ancient laws based on the conception of status; and the law courts, which resorted to torture as the legitimate means to obtain confessions of guilt. These and hundreds of other things have gone overboard almost overnight and, I am quite sure, never to return.

These changes have been tardy in coming. China paid sufficient penalties for their tardiness. But no change is ever too late. A nation that has the pluck and resolve to discard her basic social, political, educational institutions of thousands of years' standing is a nation of vitality and youth who cannot perish. She will survive.



## III

And the most marvelous thing about these fundamental changes in China is that they have all come from below and not from the top down. This is the point which men like Messrs. Abend, Billingham, and Lin Yutang have all failed to see. These men, who are most enthusiastic over Japan's successes in modernization and who belittle China's more recent efforts in the same direction, do not realize the fundamental difference: that, while in Japan all reforms began with a powerful ruling caste, in China all reformers have been men without political power who have often had to fight against the rulers in order to bring about a change. I have elsewhere pointed out that the process of modernization in Japan is a type of "centralized control" and that in China it is one of "diffused permeation."

Japan was at the height of military feudalism when Western civilization knocked at her shores. She was ruled by a military caste, the daimio and the samurai, who in those days numbered 260,000 families and who were politically the most powerful class in the land. When that class was finally convinced of the necessity of change, it had the power to carry out all the reforms it wished. And that class happened to be highly trained in the art and discipline of war. When the samurai put on his new uniform and was equipped with the modern arms, he was a ready-made soldier. That is why, of all the non-European nations with whom the Western civilization has come into contact, Japan is the only one who readily succeeds in mastering the military arts and making the fullest use of them. When the military caste had succeeded in solving the problem of national defense and security, the efficacy of the Western civilization was clearly demonstrated to the whole nation, and the remaining task of modernization of the country was smooth sailing.

Not so in China. China had no ruling class, and the ignorant imperial household was deaf and blind to the demands of a new age. And because for twenty centuries the soldier and the arts of war had always been looked down on by the whole nation, the early attempts at modernization of the army and the navy were doomed to fail miserably. All the changes in the direction of modernization — from the political revolution to the literary renaissance, from foot-binding to bobbed hair



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— have originated with the people themselves. Every reform has begun with a few advocates, spread with slow diffusion and voluntary following, and finally succeeded when the following became sufficiently powerful.

Let us not be too easily dazzled by the brilliant successes of Japan's modernization. That type of reform under centralized control has the advantages of rapidity, orderliness, and capability for large-scale enterprises. But it also has its great disadvantages. The power of initiative is centered in a small but powerful class which is conscious of its effective leadership and is unwilling to surrender it. It is up to that class to build or to ruin. And the rest of the nation is not accustomed to contest leadership with it. Moreover, class interest and prejudice on the part of that ruling class often lead to the conscious effort to protect certain phases of Japanese national life from modern influence and peaceful change. Today the whole world is seeing how those unchanging phases of medieval Japan are now running wild, disturbing the peace of the East, and heading that island empire toward unknown and dubious destinies.

## IV

On the other hand, changes through "diffused permeation," as typified in modern China, are necessarily slow, sporadic, and often wasteful because of the amount of undermining and erosion that must take place before any change is possible. Moreover, without centralized direction and control it is often impossible to effect reforms in such gigantic undertakings as nationwide militarization or industrialization. Nevertheless, there are also distinct advantages. Such changes, because voluntary, go deeper and often are more permanent. The people must be first convinced of the superiority of the new over the old, before a change is accepted. When a change is at last generally accepted, its reasonableness has already become apparent, and there is little chance of a return of the old order. Moreover, because of the lack of centralized control by any powerful class, everything is subjected to the contact and influence of new ideas and new institutions. Nothing is protected from this contact and nothing is too sacred to change. In this way, the cultural changes that have taken place in China are invariably more thorough than in Japan.

There is no doubt that the social, political, and intellectual modifications in China are far more profound than those in Japan. Political thinking in Japan today is still largely medieval in its predominant tenets, and some of the recent persecutions of "dangerous" thought are simply ridiculous in the eyes of the Chinese intelligentsia. The political revolutions in China since 1911, however unsuccessful in their constructive aspects, have created an environment conducive to free and independent thinking on social, political, and cultural matters which is impossible in Japan under dynastic and militaristic taboos. In religious thought and practice, Japan is slavishly medieval and is naïvely ambitious to reconvert China to the medieval religions which Japan once borrowed from her but which Chinese iconoclasm and rationalism have long since undermined and discarded. In social changes, China has forged far ahead of Japan — in a democratized social structure, in the absence of a ruling military caste, and in the much higher and more emancipated position of women.

Thus, contrary to all superficial observations of Japanese modernity and Chinese backwardness, life and institutions in China are more modernized in their essential aspects than



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in Japan. And the explanations thereof are not far to seek.

Last year, I asked a group of Japanese newspaper correspondents in Peiping, "Who are the thinkers in Japan today?"

After consulting with one another, one of them said: "I am sorry to say that we have no thinkers at the present time, and we shall have none until after a war with Soviet Russia."

I put the same question to a prominent member of the Japanese delegation at the Yosemite conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations last August, and his reply was: "I don't think there is any Japanese whom we can call a thinker."

Twelve years ago, I raised the same question with a Japanese professor of philosophy in one of the imperial universities and received the same negative reply: "There are teachers of European philosophy, of Chinese philosophy, and of Indian philosophy. But there are as yet no Japanese thinkers."

Without going into the more complicated question as to why there are no Japanese thinkers, let us pause and reflect upon the modernity of a nation which either cannot or dares not think for herself. Where there is no free and creative thinking, there cannot be fundamental reforms; and traditional Japan lingers on under the protective shell of superficial modernity till she shall burst in volcanic eruption.

Our greater successes in the more fundamental social and political changes have been due, I believe, to the intellectual leadership of our veteran thinkers. Liang Chi-chao, Tsai Yuan-pei, Wu Ching-heng, and Chen Tu-shiu, who have influenced the nation for the last 40 years, are men who know our historical heritage critically and who have the moral courage ruthlessly to criticize its evil and weak aspects and to advocate wholehearted changes. Neither Confucius nor Lao-tse nor the Buddha nor Chu-hsi was too sacred to escape their criticism. Even Dr. Sun Yat-sen, whom the Western world often belittles as a demagogue, was essentially a courageous thinker. He earned his exalted position in the nation by his moral courage to initiate the revolutionary movement for the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty as an alien rule and the monarchy as an undesirable form of government.

A nation that has the moral courage to criticize her most sacred sages and her most time-honored institutions, a nation that can and dare think for herself will surely have the vitality to survive all adversities.

## V

"But," the pessimists say, "all your arguments do not convince us of the ability of China to survive the present international crisis, which is essentially political and military. Will all the social and intellectual changes that China may have achieved give her a political and military machine that can fight your aggressors? How will you answer Mr. Lin Yutang's complaint that 'in China individually men are more mature, but politically and nationally we are as mere children'?"

As a matter of common sense, Mr. Lin Yutang has answered his own question when he asks, "Why are we individually mature but politically and nationally mere children?" It is precisely because we are individually mature that we are *not* politically and nationally mere children, easily to be led by a "leader half the size of a Gandhi." Only those races which are politically and nationally mere children can be led by the nose by a Hitler, a Mussolini, an Araki, or a "leader half the size of a Gandhi." A mature race cannot be led by the Great Executioner of whom Mr. Lin Yutang dreams as the Savior of China.

I am quite sure that future historians will record that China has not been without leadership during all these years of her national crisis. A government that has been able to rally all the centrifugal forces that have been running wild since the collapse of a central authority and to bring about a political unity in five years cannot be without leadership. A government that, in the face of incredibly provocative and humiliating aggressions and in the face of a nationwide outcry for immediate war on the invader, has held out for five years without a war, in order to gain time for better consolidation and greater strength of resistance, cannot be without leadership. Only this leadership is of a type so different from that of the Hitlers and Mussolinis that impatient souls can never appreciate or recognize it.

And, let it be said clearly and unmistakably, this political unity and this better consolidation and greater strength of resistance are no myths but realities. Even as I write today in a



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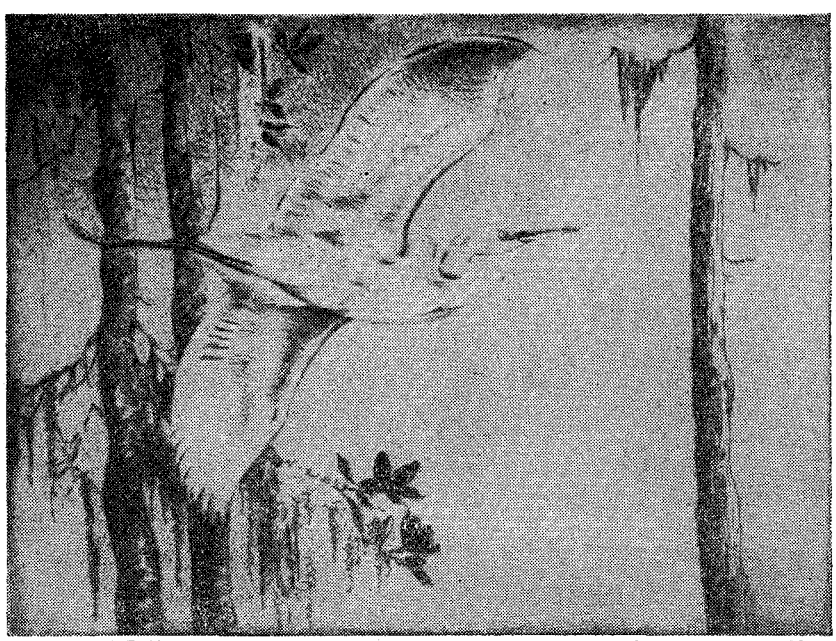
San Francisco hotel, the morning papers print a long dispatch from Mr. Roy Howard who, cabling from the Orient, says:

> America and Europe necessarily must readjust judgments and evaluations of a sensationally revitalized, unified China. . . . Today that unification which foreigners long have regarded as impossible, is an undisputed accomplishment. From Canton to Peiping, and from coolie to capitalist, Chinese appear to have a common determination to resist any further invasion and any further challenge to China's sovereignty.
>
> There is no hysteria. There are no student demonstrations demanding war. Everywhere leaders, hoping for peace, are obviously and methodically preparing for war.

This is how an individually mature nation acts. She will survive without a Hitler, a Mussolini, or an Araki.

# My Land of Flowers



*Etchings by H. E. Tuttle* *Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.*

**by NINA WILCOX PUTNAM**

In choosing the best place to live, one must first know what there is to choose from. And before I discovered that Florida was my choice I had tried out an awful lot of those places which the travel folders mother dreams about. From Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand, from the void where chop suey ought to be in China to the interior of Java, the outskirts of Cairo, the Beach at Waikiki, and the Alps which Mickey Mouse has recently made famous, I neglected to examine only Russia, Scandinavia, and South Africa, ending up with a bang in that France to which all Americans once dreamed of retiring. With the net result of deciding on Florida.

To begin with, I wanted to live permanently in a tropical foreign country but I wanted it to be run along American lines. To go on with, I wanted this foreign land to be inhabited exclusively by Americans and within easy reach of New York. Then, too, I wanted the atmosphere to be at once exotic and wholesome, with the freedom and gaiety of the French Riviera's summer all the year round but with none of its dirt and petty cheating on the part of local tradespeople.



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This ideal spot couldn't be on an island, because islands give me claustrophobia, and further because no island in the world contains a sufficient variety of interest to serve as a year-round residence to an active-minded person. California, which I tried for several years, proved to be an intellectual island, cut off by the deserts and with a large foreign population. There remained Florida. I went back to my first love, which I had deserted twelve years ago and where I have now lived for two years more happily than in any other place.

I am American enough and old enough to value freedom above all things and here I find it in an unusual degree. Freedom from the Tyranny of Clothes is vitally important to me, and in Florida practically all I ever wear is a single cotton garment and a pair of sandals — as gay and fanciful as the heart could desire, inexpensive, washable, and comfortable. And, in such clothing, who cares if the thermometer climbs to 80 in summer? It seldom goes over, and you're dressed for it without being conspicuous, for so is everyone else.

Life is always informal here, even at the height of the season. You are not lonely, because everybody in the world turns up sooner or later. The world comes to you, literally. The population is almost 100-per-cent Anglo-Saxon, if you don't count the negroes; and they, bless their careless hearts, are, in the great majority, the old-fashioned, unspoiled type which makes devoted, if somewhat unskilled, servants.

### Perfect — But Not Too Perfect

Florida, the year round, is cheap. The taxes are negligible, and the cost of living low. There are strict laws and a still more strict local public opinion about foreclosures on homes and the protection of personal and property rights. And, with all, there is that comforting feeling that, if the worst comes to the worst, the sea is full of fish for the catching, the trees full of edible wild fruits, and (unless there is a bad storm) the beach a good place on which to live and sleep. Florida is the best place in the world for a fellow to shift for himself, if he has to.

I spoke of storms. One reason I like to live in Florida is the climate. We have storms but we never have dull or depressing weather. When we get a hurricane, it has at least the merit of good drama. It is exciting, terrifying, but not dull. Even those hours of suspended agony— when I have filled all the bathtubs in case the water main broke; supplied each room in the house with water, candles, matches, cigarettes and liquor, canned food, an opener, salt, and literature; and then sat down to await the storm's approach behind barred windows — even these have held something too deeply thrilling to be willingly forgone. The news of the hurricane's approach comes in over the radio every few minutes (while the electric current lasts), so we know exactly how far off it is. It's much like waiting to go into battle, I expect. Even the quavering voices of women singing *Nearer My God to Thee* from the Miami broadcasting station has its pathetic thrill. Up until the last hour we keep going out to see the sights: the usually calm beauty of the sea torn up into mountains of angry yellow water, the scurrying clouds, the carpenters frantically at work along the shops on the main street. We telephone our friends, perhaps ask them to join us in our stronghold. And then the moment comes when the radio's voice says, "Do not leave your shelters!" It's terrific. But it's not dull. Even when the wind misses your town entirely and you emerge rather sheepishly, as though somehow you had shirked the crisis, it's all a part of life on a big scale.

Before the hurricane season comes, we've had a long stretch of almost too perfect weather. With incredible blossoms which the winter tourist never sees; an opal ocean, with 300 miles of perfect beach from which to bathe in it; continuous trade winds which never fail, except for an hour of sacramental hush at dawn and sunset; and nights so cool and glorious that one wishes for a magic carpet in which to explore the stars; I think we almost need the excitement of a hurricane threat, which more often than not fails to materialize. It keeps us from too much poppy-like sleep, from too deep a content, from a dangerous inertia.

And then the winter. It is thrilling to see the country come awake. The long-closed roadside stands and tourist camps take down their shutters; the heavy-laden cars with foreign tags come rolling in, first one or two, then in an ever increasing stream that soon becomes a torrent. We were glad enough to see them go last spring, leaving us to the possession of our secret, magical summer land. But now we are rested and we are glad to welcome them again.



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Eighteen miles north of the little town of Delray Beach, where I live, is the pink penultimate of winter resorts. I've seen all of them and I know that, for sheer luxury, fashion, beauty, and cachet, Palm Beach still leads the world. Indeed, the world comes to it. I love luxury and all the fine modern things of life, and each year Palm Beach pours them into my lap without the slightest effort on my part. A month's wearing search of New York, Paris, London, or Calcutta could not offer such a choice of treasures as Palm Beach can display in a single afternoon during the season. The finest jewels; the most precious silver, antiques, art treasures; the most original furniture, interior decoration, novelties, cars, boats; and (last but not least) the clothes which will set the fashion the world over six months later in the year. Half a dozen restaurants boast the best chefs money can buy, and food and service both are not to be bettered by Paris or Vienna. And the surroundings in which it is eaten cannot be duplicated for charm. The best of all outdoor restaurants are in Palm Beach.

I might add that the most honest and most atmospheric gambling club is also there and that one of the world's finest restaurants is run in connection with it. An exquisite movie theater, where not only is one sure of seeing one's friends but where comfort can be had together with the choicest pictures. If you want to meet someone you haven't seen since Cairo or Juan-les-Pins or the shooting in Scotland, just bathe at the Breakers beach for a few mornings, and they'll show up. For four months you have the *n*th degree of luxury overwhelming you and in such rich doses that it is about as much as anyone needs.

For gay bedlam and ballyhoo and practical shopping you have Miami, an overgrown Nice, an outsized Los Angeles, more sophisticated than either, with better bargains and less hooey. Phew! I get breathless thinking of it! But it's tops of its kind.

### The March of Seasons

However, none of this is really my Florida — the Florida that holds me with such deep roots — even though I should not by any means willingly forgo the winter season. The long, seemingly vacant months when I get to know the country itself are what has buried my heart in the warm sandy loam of the State.

I live on the East Coast Canal. The low white house, which my husband designed and built for me with his own hands, stands 25 feet back from the water, a brackish tidal stream whereon float many strange and interesting things with the coming and going of the tide.

Across the water, on the opposite bank, is a vast, neglected jungle of old royal palms, a hammock of yellow-blooming brush, sea grape, and purple alamanders, and beyond that the sea, whose voice one hears constantly. At dawn the canal is vivid bronze, then gold, then suddenly a riot of green and blue. I am often up at dawn and sometimes am rewarded by a visit from a manatee, one of the enormous, kindly sea cows which browse along the weedy bottoms.

The canal is full of fish. One has only to sit on the garden wall and cast into the yellow waters to raise snook, the sportive snapper, small amberjack, or occasionally a sand shark, not to mention the little fry such as catfish, eels, crabs, or perch. Sometimes at sunset the water is literally covered with mullet, their mouths open, making a myriad small croaking sounds, like young frogs.

Boats go by so close you can almost touch them with your hand. And, like Mark Twain's cook, we are always running to the front windows to see them, even though we know all the regular travelers by the noise of their engines and during the summer months can tell if it's the tugboat *Marian Adel* or *Pioneer*, half a mile away. In winter there are innumerable yachts, large and small, some with very gay parties aboard, singing the more or less close harmony incident to an alcoholiday. Sometimes they carry gay and satisfied loads of fishermen, who hold up the spoils they have brought back from the sea, for our responsive admiration. Sometimes it's a speedboat, vanishing in a white cloud of spray almost before we have glimpsed her slender lines.

Before the house and between it and the canal is a garden in which strange wild flowers culled from the 'Glades and from the ocean front alike, bloom in a riot of unfamiliar colors, side by side with the friendly commonplace of northern annuals. Spring is in October, when these last are planted. And then we have another spring in May, when the native summer blossoms are brought to their new beds. Two separate and distinct springs! I am a gardener,



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and you ask me why Florida is the best place to live!

### Other than the Tourists

People who come south only in winter seem to think that Florida is inhabited chiefly by tourists. It's not. Not only is the real, the large population 98-per-cent American, but most of it either was born here or has lived here since before the railroads came. These people call themselves Crackers without any apology and are, contrary to popular supposition, as fine a lot of people as you'd want to know, with high ideals, a fine sense of honor, and a humor all their own. I count several such families among my best friends. And I mean intimate friends, whose pleasures, troubles, and entertainments I share. Apropos of which, no one has really eaten Florida food until he has eaten Cracker food. I don't mean the grits and chitlings of popular fancy; I mean heart-of-palmetto chowder. I mean conch chowder; fried squirrel; tiny snow-white clams cooked with celery; and the small, hot native peppers. I am talking about stone crab and the back meat of toadfish fried crisp (with garlic) — as firm and sweet a dish as Savarin ever conceived.

I am talking, too, of old, unknown native songs, sung to well-played guitars under a full moon, and round dances on the ocean's edge. Of learning animal and plant lore which isn't in the books and treks into the mysterious 'Glades where one sleeps in a fire-made circle and awakes at dawn to hunt with camera or gun the wild life of that as yet untouched country.

I'm trying to tell about gun fights between cowboys on the outskirts of the cattle towns, fights as picturesque and well-costumed as any western movie. Of vast, peaceful citrus orchards on little-known islands, with unpaved roads and ancient flaming hibiscus hedges that rear their tousled heads a good fifteen feet into the restless air. And of long days and heroic battles out on the deep blue of the Gulf Stream and, afterward, the slow, peaceful way home, with the motor barely turning over and the long box full of scaly captives, hard but fairly won, traveling along against the theater of the clouds, an Alpine dream of pink-tinted snowy white.

The alligators, the snakes, and the mosquitoes of Florida are mostly myths. The hurricane is more often a threat than a promise. While as for the sand flies — well, we do have sand flies. Perhaps so that when we scratch our backs we'll make sure we haven't sprouted wings!

I think Florida is the best place to live because there are long hours in which there is nothing to do but write. And, like most so-called creative people, I work only when there is no excuse, valid or otherwise, for not doing so.

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# The Unique Millionaire

## *A Weak Heart Made James Couzens Great*

*by* **OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**

*Portrait by Karl S. Woerner*

JAMES COUZENS was a maverick. As has been said, the late Senator from Michigan never was a "regular" millionaire. Although he had the money (legitimately acquired by one of the most astounding amassings of wealth in all of our industrial history) to do so, he never joined the millionaires' club. If he had joined, he would not have obeyed the rules for he was a law unto himself.

There was something wrong with his heart. He started out, after he became treasurer of the Ford Automobile Company, to be hard-boiled, like the executives of most great corporations. By a stroke of his pen on one occasion he laid off several thousand workers. Now, if these men had only behaved themselves and gone promptly home at that point, all would have been well. Unfortunately, the discharged men remained to mill around the office building. They had hungry children and wives at home and they knew they could not find jobs elsewhere. James Couzens happened to go to the window and look out. Pretty soon he saw a foreman turn a hose upon those unoffending Ford workers to drive them away. The weather was freezing. That foreman cured James Couzens of any further desire to be hard-boiled. He became one of the best friends that labor has ever had. His heart, said his business critics was too "soft." They were right. He certainly would never have been able to use poison gas on strikebreakers.

It was so soft that it was on James Couzens' motion that Henry Ford instituted his $5-a-day minimum wage, which shocked the leaders of industry. It was so soft that Couzens adopted this platform for himself: "I want to do what I can to see that life is not made a burden for the many and a holiday for the few." It was so soft that he was a leader in demanding a "saving" wage for labor, that is, a wage large enough to allow the worker to put by something for the rainy day of unemployment.

From this point the Senator graduated into a full-fledged advocacy of social security, long before President Roosevelt urged it. In May, 1934, he told the Senate:

> If we want to prevent trouble . . . not only members of Congress but industry as well have got to adopt some ways and means to establish some sort of security. Protection must be provided, not only for



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those already unemployed but for the millions of our citizens who are now uncertain whether they are going to have a job tomorrow.

It was he who, out of the weakness of his heart, first declared in the Senate that the government must do something for the hundreds of thousands of boys who had left their homes during the depression and were roaming over the country, most of them in a fair way to become, permanently, tramps or criminals. Said Couzens:

> Certainly if we could go out and drive these boys to war; if we could pick them out of the cities, out of their homes and send them to France, we can, when the cost will be much less and when the purpose will be far better, use the same facilities for their care that we used for driving them into war.

Some time after this appeal the Civilian Conservation Corps came into being.

It was this same unquenchable sympathy for men working for low wages (such as the $60 a month James Couzens received when he first got a steady job) which made this multimillionaire so devoted to the New Deal as to leave the Republican Party last August, when he was a candidate for renomination for the Senate. He issued a public statement in which he said:

> Believing as I do that the most important matter confronting the nation is the re-election of President Roosevelt, I intend to support him. The outcome of my own candidacy is important neither to the nation nor to me, but I believe it is important that my many loyal supporters in Michigan be advised in advance of the primary of September 15.

A public man declaring that his re-election after fourteen years' service in the Senate was important neither to his State nor to himself! It is impossible to recall a similar phenomenon. Naturally the Republicans called him traitor and defeated him in the primary in favor of a more than second-rate politician. The Democrats did their best to elect him, for, in endorsing him last spring, they described him correctly as "one who cannot understand the fight of the Republican Party for the almighty dollar and its disregard of human rights" — but this appeal was in vain. Mr. Couzens was so alarmed at the possibility of the election of Governor Landon as to say that "what we are faced with is chaos and disturbance due to ignorance of the direction we are going"; and he wore himself out in the effort to keep up with his work and let people know where he stood.

### On the Firing Line

In a hospital a few months ago, this man, who outwardly appeared unusually robust, rose from his bed to be with the President when he visited Detroit and to stay with him through dinner and the meeting which followed. Undoubtedly this hastened his death. But that, he would have said, was all right — he always gave everything he had to the public service. From the first office which he held, that of police commissioner of Detroit, he was a fighter. He enforced the laws, criticized a judge for releasing lawbreakers he had had arrested, and then cheerfully went to jail for contempt of court. When he became mayor he fought for municipally owned street railways and, after years of battling, got them. The powers entrenched behind special privileges and the public utilities were the foremost objects of his attack, and he took licking after licking until he won. Henry Ford had paid him $30,000,000 for his share in the Ford Company (the share he had purchased with $1,000), and he had received millions in dividends before that, besides a salary of $150,000 a year. Still he would not play the rich man's game!

No sooner did James Couzens enter the Senate than he struck out at the same crowd in our national economic and social life which had opposed him in Detroit. People began to say of him that he liked a fight for the fight's sake; that he was a blunt and powerful person who could brook no opposition and must have his own way. Progressives in Congress found it hard to place him. He did not call himself a progressive and did not avow any very liberal views. They could not always count upon him, but at times he was a most powerful ally, partly for the very reason that he did not identify himself with their group.

Soon the businessmen who had to appear before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, and the Interstate Commerce Committee, of which he was long the chairman, learned to fear him. If courteous and always cool, he was not to be trifled with. His experience as manager of a great corporation and as mayor of Detroit had made him entirely familiar with corporation problems, bookkeeping, and finance. He was not a rural editor transplanted to Washington or a small-town lawyer from the Middle West or a demagogue from the South.



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He was an extremely clear-headed, well-informed businessman, much like themselves. Businessmen could not pull the wool over his eyes. They had to be prepared to have him search out the weakest links in their armor, to detect the weakest points in their case; and he was not to be fooled by any statistics or figures, however involved. Behind his handsome personality and fine presence they discovered a man of shining rectitude, a most tenacious fighter, with a keen and incisive mind, against whom they had to employ all their resources.

From this point of view alone, his absence from the Senate will be a great misfortune, for there is no one quite like him left in that body. No one else profited so royally from the unfairness of our economic system and then declared that, in order to create consuming power, high taxes should be kept on people like himself and lifted from the shoulders of the consuming masses.

Couzens was once accused by the Mellon administration of the Treasury of having cheated on his income taxes to the tune of $10,000,000; but when the battle was over it appeared that, instead of cheating, he had actually overpaid the government by approximately $1,000,000. It was this rich man who one day said:

> What is government? Is government created just to protect industry? Is government created by the people simply to protect property rights? I do not conceive it to be so. My conception is that government is for the purpose of protecting human beings first, and when industry does not protect human beings the government should step in.

### WANTED: LEADERS

THE FIRST time the writer of this article met James Couzens was at the New York automobile show of 1910. I went there to seek him out and inquired of an individual at the Ford exhibit where I might find a certain Mr. Couzens. "That's my name," the man replied. I told him that the purpose of my visit was to look at him, to see what kind of a freak he was, what kind of a strange bird this manufacturer could be who had just gone before the Ways and Means Committee, engaged in drafting the Payne-Aldrich tariff for the House of Representatives, and had protested that the infant motorcar industry did *not* need any aid whatever from the government in the form of a protective tariff.

Mr. Couzens went into action instantly, revealing a most remarkable knowledge of all the great companies which were then his rivals, exposing, as he had to the Committee, their wastefulness, their extravagance, their foolish annual changing of their models, their nepotism and favoritism and needless dread of foreign competition, and their squandering of untold sums in stupid advertisements and still stupider automobile racing. The memory of that interview has never faded. It gave the key to this man, his ability, his courage, his independence, and his readiness to tell the truth about the group with which he worked. It made it easy for me to foresee, when he was elected to the Senate, what role he would play in that body.

Now the pity of it all is not merely in Senator Couzens' being cut off when he should have had at least a dozen more years of service to his ungrateful State and to the country. (Mr. Roosevelt, incidentally, offered him on September 17 the vitally important chairmanship of the Maritime Commission, a job which he would have filled better than anybody else I can think of, in which he would have rendered admirable service.) The really sad thing is that big business itself still cannot see that it is precisely this kind of businessman that it needs most of all, not only in its own field but in our political life — a businessman who has retained his naturally humane instincts; who does not merely share his group's point of view; who has set his face squarely against improper and dishonest business processes, against a hard-hearted attitude toward labor, and against the domination of our country by selfish masters of capital. I believe that there are other men in industry, a number of them, who, if encouraged and given the opportunity, would take Senator Couzens' point of view and find, like him, that there was nothing they were not ready to sacrifice for their beliefs. Such individuals were never so badly needed as today.

Senator Couzens could not have been nominated for the presidency, this year or any other, not only because he was too independent but because he was born in Canada and so ineligible. But it is not easy to explain the failure of the prominent men of the Republican Party to get together in 1933 or 1934, to survey the scene and prepare to bring forward a candidate who would at once commend himself to the voters by his demonstrable ability, breadth of vision,



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and executive talent. Surely a party which could cast 17,000,000 votes for Landon must include men of this type who could be "built up" as readily as was the unknown candidate himself. To say the contrary is to indict not only the Republican Party but our business and professional world and to admit that the system under which we are living fails to produce leaders. At any rate, it is keeping out of public life the men of spirit who will not take orders. The lack of first-rank Republican campaigners in the 1936 election was one of its striking features. If even a very few men were to drop out, say Messrs. Ogden Mills, Patrick Hurley, Herbert Hoover, Henry Stimson, and Arthur Vandenberg, the Party would have left almost no men of really national reputation.

That this is in part due to the small number of Republican governors since 1932 is doubtless true, as governorships have long been the principal training schools for presidential candidates. But the dearth of strong Republican personalities in the Senate has been equally marked. A generation has been passing with the disappearance of men like Simeon Fess, George Moses, Andrew Mellon, and many of the familiar names of the Harding and Coolidge administrations. A new generation ought to be arising. There is imminent a profound test of the statesmanship of those who still survive and seek to give leadership to the Party.

The Republicans received a number of recruits during the last campaign from the Democratic ranks: John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith, Bainbridge Colby, ex-Governor Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts, ex-Senator James A. Reed, and numerous others. But these are not men of the Couzens type. They are, moreover, most of them, over 60, and few of them realize just what the present-day struggle is about, as so few of us realized the direct continuity of the New Deal with the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson and the Square Deal of Theodore Roosevelt.

It is not a new struggle, which we have been through but only another phase of one that goes back fully 50 years in our history. It is only that Franklin Roosevelt, largely because of the prostrate state of the country, was able to get further in putting into effect part of his program to restore the government to "its rightful owners, the American people," as Woodrow Wilson phrased it, than was either Wilson or Theodore Roosevelt. Certainly Franklin Roosevelt never charged that we were having "class government and class government of a peculiarly unwholesome kind" with the viciousness which made Theodore Roosevelt also say that we were having a "government by financial despotism." The first Roosevelt also said it was

> utterly hopeless to expect any sincerity of devotion to any principle, of any concern to the people as a whole, from a party the machinery of which is usurped and held by the powers that prey.

Would not the Republicans more than ever have charged Franklin Roosevelt with a desire to alter our government if he had used such words? Or suppose he had delivered as his own the sentiments of Woodrow Wilson when the latter stated that "the Government of the United States at present is a foster child of the special interests" or when he said:

> The people have stood outside and looked on at their own government, and all they have had to determine in past years has been which crowd they would look on at; whether they would look on at this little group or that little group which would manage to get the control of affairs in its hands.

### A Killing Job

Of course the problem of getting men of the Couzens type into public life far transcends the welfare of any one party.

If, therefore, there are any other businessmen, in either party, of the enlightened type of Senator Couzens, they ought to be urged into public life. Not, of course, to dominate our political life. We don't want any group to do that, but every important group should have its representatives. I repeat that the businessmen of America owe it to themselves and their own welfare to choose men to represent them with as broad an outlook, as determined a purpose, as keen a sympathy with the problems of labor, and as clear-cut a realization that the world is rapidly changing as distinguished James Couzens.

We cannot, of course, expect to find many men, from any walk in life or of any persuasion, who will so completely devote themselves to the public service as Couzens did, but there have been others, notably Senators Norris and Costigan. The job of being a public man, especially a senator, is overwhelming in its magnitude and in the demands which it makes on the individual. One who was very close to



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Senator Couzens writes thus about him:

> To be at all relaxed in this job, a man must be a philosopher. He must say: "There is so much to do, I will only do what I can and not destroy myself trying to push back all these waves every day." But Couzens was one who every day tried to push back every wave he saw coming or which he thought was coming. Perhaps that is not the best, nor the most efficient system to adopt in the Senate, but Couzens could not change his ways, or habits. The result was that the work in the Senate did a pretty good job of killing Couzens off physically.

These words might also apply to Costigan, who was for months unable to appear upon the floor of the Senate and, it is feared, will not again be able to be active in public life. His term is also expiring. Senator Norris has survived because of his extraordinary temperament and because he has been able to pick a few subjects to which to devote himself, content to be silent about or uninterested in other matters. If the pressure continues, we may yet see our senators more and more becoming specialists along certain lines and the committees of the Senate more and more increasing in numbers and achievement.

### The Man with the Weak Heart

Other men of great wealth have donated enormous sums to charity, but none has been more modest in his giving, not even Mr. Harkness or Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., than was Senator Couzens. The story of his gift of more than $12,000,000 to the Children's Fund of Michigan, which he created, is again proof of the weakness of his heart.

In 1929 a Detroit newspaper published a dreadful story of the conditions of mothers and children upon the farms of Michigan, because of the shortage of doctors and nurses. Al Smith, when Governor of the State of New York, called attention to similar conditions in his State and urged the legislature to semisocialize the medical and nursing professions, but nothing happened. James Couzens read that story, and his conscience and his generous sympathies gave him no peace of mind. He could not forget that the death rate in childbirth in Michigan was abnormally high. With $10,000,000 of his fortune he established the Fund, keeping it his own secret, and later added $2,500,000. The news never got out until it was necessary to incorporate the Fund.

Many of Couzens' benefactions are not known. He gave a hospital for crippled children near Detroit and established a clinic in Traverse City. The finest psychologists and psychiatrists, thanks to him, are now studying the problems of the wayward child in Michigan, and universities and laboratories doing child-research work are being aided or supported in their efforts by the Couzens money. When the depression was at its worst Senator Couzens offered $1,000,000 to the City of Detroit to feed the poor, provided nine others would join him — unfortunately nine others did not.

When the bank situation had become extremely critical in Detroit, Senator Couzens offered to risk approximately $7,000,000 of his fortune in guaranteeing half of a loan of $14,000,000 which the Union Guardian Trust Company was seeking to obtain from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in order to save the Company; but the officers of the Company were unable or refused to take the risk of getting $7,000,000 more from other sources outside the government.

This offer was misinterpreted in many quarters. But the Senator was indifferent. He was always slow to defend himself when attacked — self-defense did not seem to interest him. It is needless to add that the President of the United States understood the truth of the situation when he appointed the Senator to the delegation, headed by Secretary Hull, to represent the United States at the economic conference in London in 1933. There were some members of that ill-fated group who were not a credit to the United States, but the dignity and strength of Senator Couzens were recognized wherever he went.

If Senator Couzens did not begin on the towpath or as a rail splitter, he nonetheless gave us the welcome assurance that men of great strength and probity and of extraordinary usefulness may still be looked for in the ranks of those who start life without the aid of a great family tradition or inherited wealth. It is true that fortune favored him incredibly. But that only made him turn to public life, when he broke his business ties, with the obvious purpose of making use of his financial independence to serve the public. With him wealth "obliged." It is well indeed to be reminded again of the unlimited possibilities for serving the state which lie open to the man of independent means.



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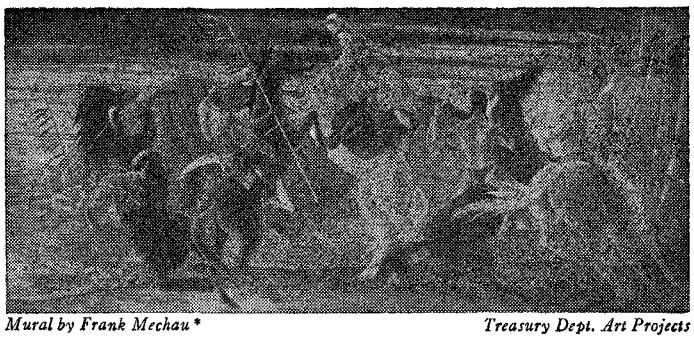

*Mural by Frank Mechau** *Treasury Dept. Art Projects*

# The Artist's Point of View

## *An Open Letter to the American People*

DEAR PEOPLE:

Retrenchment in relief expenditures under the WPA is now taking place, with the very practical aim of attaining that assumed state of national bliss called a balanced budget. This event faces you point-blank with the necessity of making a decision which may influence the character of our civilization for a century to come. Shall the arts projects, with all their promise of an enriched national life, be included in the retrenching, or shall they be enlarged and their usefulness extended? Orders are already out setting the Landon-Hoover economical philosophy above culture—Mr. Roosevelt's record-smashing mandate from you to the contrary notwithstanding. A thousand actors are to be laid off the theater project, 800 artists from the arts project, and several hundred musicians from the music program. What about it? Shall you, the people, allow this to happen?

I am a hard critic of the government art program, on aesthetic grounds. A large number of paintings and sculptures has been produced which I think have no aesthetic and therefore no cultural worth whatever. But, in spite of this, the value of what has happened is so tremendous that to allow the program to be reduced instead of amplified would be a cultural calamity. Also, because avoidable, it would stand as a confession of cultural impotence in the face of a dominant materialistic creed which would shame us for a century to come.

A Public Use of Art Committee, made up of artists working on the art projects, has made in New York a survey of ways and means of extending the usefulness of the government arts. After many conferences with all manner of organized groups, it is now formulating recommendations. Let me hint at their epochal significance.

> The International Ladies Garment Workers Union, with 125,000 members, requests five major murals depicting its history. The Transport Workers Union specifically requests seven murals. The Ministers Union requests murals showing "activities of progressive liberal churches." High-school principals and teachers want exhibits for curriculum material. The Union of Dining Car Employees has seven specific requests. The Pharmacists Union, Cafeteria Workers Union, Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, Musicians Union, Food Workers Union, and Marine Firemen and Oilworkers Union all have requests. The Pullman Porters Union has thirteen listed requests for pictorial interpretation of its life and history. The Transportation Workers Union has suggestions for murals in the New York City municipal subways — approved unofficially by the Transit Commission.

When one stops to think that these are the results of a survey by a single committee in a brief period of time, the potential results of an organized campaign to extend the use of the arts to the vast layers of our population which have always been outside their influence are breathtaking. At present the government has ruled that WPA art productions can be given to only tax-supported institutions. That ruling must be widened to include you, the American people. You have a right to the enjoyment of life as well as to the mere mechanics of living. Do you want your government to effectualize that right?

**RALPH M. PEARSON**

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Frank Mechau, practically unknown before his WPA work, is one of the important discoveries of the government program.*



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# The Scarlet Crab

## *Part II of a Mystery*

### *by* CLIFFORD KNIGHT

*Benny Bartlett, amateur ornithologist, accepts a last-minute invitation to join a scientific expedition to the Galapagos Islands on board Carlos Lanfrey's palatial yacht, where he meets the young, blonde, and attractive Alice Wilmer, the staff artist, and an old friend — Huntoon Rogers — who is merely taking a rest. The first meal on board is marred by a nasty display of temper on the part of Dr. Gorell, in a discussion with the other two naturalists, French and Ardleigh. That night a surreptitious dice game ends in a row when Jack Quigley, a photographer and good friend of Alice Wilmer and the beautiful Mrs. Lanfrey, wins heavily from some members of the crew and Starr, the ex-pugilist steward. On the morning of the third day, Quigley cannot be found. After a search of the ship and questioning of the party reveals no trace of him, Lanfrey reports him missing. "But where could he have gone, Sir?" demands Gorell. "Gone?" the captain echoes. "Overboard!"*

#### IX

OUTSIDE the lounge Huntoon Rogers took my arm. "The investigation has been adjourned to the bridge," he said. "Carlos wants to question some of the crew."

We walked forward and climbed to the bridge. Captain Carlos Lanfrey's office was small. It was possible, however, for Lanfrey, Rogers, and me to sit comfortably in it, and there was an extra chair for the members of the crew, who were to be questioned one at a time. We were sitting quietly when a shadow fell upon the threshold and we looked up to see Ernest. "You sent for me, Sir?" he said to Lanfrey.

"Yes. Come in, Ernest. Sit down."

Ernest was a blue-eyed, fresh-faced youth of eighteen. He was courteous and intelligent. "You know that Mr. Quigley was lost overboard last night, Ernest," the captain said.

"Yes, Sir."

"How late were you on duty last night?"

"Until ten o'clock, Sir."

"What did you do then?"

"I went forward, Sir, to my bunk."

"Can you throw any light upon the death of Mr. Quigley?"

"No, Sir."

Captain Lanfrey regarded the steward's helper thoughtfully for a long moment. "Ernest," he said, "night before last you were in a crap game in Mr. Quigley's room and lost ten dollars."

The boy flushed, then he said: "Yes, Sir."

"Tell me about it."

"Well —" the youth swallowed. "Well, I went down with a cocktail Mr. Quigley ordered, Sir, and he asked me to stay. Mr. Starr came, and then one of the sailors named Cranston, and Mr. Quigley wanted to know if we cared to roll the dice. That's how it started, Sir."

"What happened?"

"Ten dollars was all I had. I dropped out, and Cranston dropped out when he lost his money too. Then Mr. Starr and Mr. Quigley played. Mr. Quigley won all Mr. Starr had, which was quite a lot. Then Cranston said the dice were crooked, and Mr. Quigley hit him, and that started a fight, and I ducked out, Sir."

Captain Lanfrey opened the center drawer of his desk, took out a bank note and handed it to the youth. "There's your ten dollars. And as long as you're aboard this ship you are to keep out of all gambling games."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you. I'm sorry it happened, Sir."

"That's all, Ernest. Tell Mr. Davis to send Cranston here."

The boy got quickly from his chair and disappeared.

For a moment none of us spoke; then Rogers said: "He seems a nice boy, Carlos."

"He is a nice boy. His father is my head gardener at San Marino. A native of Norway. The boy wants to follow the sea. He knows nothing of Quigley."

Lanfrey's hands toyed with the little red book while we waited for Cranston, the seaman. Presently the man appeared outside the door.

"Come in, Jay," Lanfrey said. "Sit down." He motioned toward the chair.

Cranston was about 25 years old. He was stocky, with bulging muscles in his trouser legs. His face was dark, almost swarthy, and a nasty bruise under his right eye had blackened a considerable area thereabouts, giving its owner a villainous look. His manner was one of indifference.

"You were in Mr. Davis' watch last night, Jay —"

"Yes."

"You were acting as lookout."

"I did."

"Can't you say 'Sir' to me?" The captain suddenly blazed at the young man.

"All right, Sir, if you say so, Uncle Carlos."

"Mr. Quigley was lost overboard last night," Lanfrey went on, a trifle sharply. "Did you hear anything or see anything that has any bearing on the tragedy?"

"No, Sir."

"Did you see Mr. Quigley on deck at any time during your watch?"

"No, Sir."

"Who gave you that black eye?"

For a moment Jay Cranston looked at the captain, as if unable to make up his mind to answer, then he said: "Quigley. I said the dice were crooked —"

"That's all, Jay. Tell Starr to come here."



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The young man vanished quickly.

When Cranston was beyond earshot, Captain Lanfrey said: "Jay Cranston is that young man's name. He's a nephew by a former marriage. My second wife's sister's boy. He's on board because he lied to my agent who signed on the crew for this voyage. His 'Uncle Carlos' wasn't an impertinence."

Starr came in and sat down in the chair.

The captain looked steadily at him a moment. "Starr," he said, "we're trying to find out something about Quigley. We know he was alive last night as late as eleven thirty —"

"It was eleven forty-five, Sir," interrupted Starr.

The three of us stared at the steward. "How do you know that?" demanded Lanfrey.

"Mr. Quigley rang for a whisky and soda, Sir, and I took it to him. That was at eleven forty-five."

"Do you know anything at all," probed Captain Lanfrey, "about Quigley's disappearance?"

"No, Sir. It is a mystery how a man like him could have fallen overboard with the sea as calm as it has been, Sir."

"Starr," Captain Lanfrey suddenly shot at him, "you lost three hundred eighty dollars in a crap game in Quigley's room night before last."

"Yes, Sir," said Starr unhesitatingly.

Captain Lanfrey's eyes bored into the face before him. "Professor Rogers and Mr. Bartlett found that Quigley kept accurate account of financial matters. He had recorded in this book here the amounts he won from you and Cranston and Ernest, plus the amount of money he had when the voyage started. The money they found, however. is exactly three hundred eighty dollars less than the account says it should be. What about it?"

Starr screwed up his eyes slightly. "I'll tell you how that was, Sir," he answered. "I believed the dice were crooked. It was money I had saved. When it was sure that Mr. Quigley had been drowned I thought that by rights what had been mine was still mine. I want to be honest with you, Sir." With a swift movement Starr's hand dived into a pocket, extracted a roll of bills, and tossed it upon Lanfrey's desk. "There it is, Sir. When I knew for certain Mr. Quigley was lost I went to his room and took what was mine, Sir."

From outside came the sound of the wind in a ventilator and the footfall of the officer on the bridge. Suddenly Captain Lanfrey leaned forward and with thick fingers shoved the money back toward the steward. "Keep it, Starr. That's all."

## X

The tragedy of Jack Quigley's death was a somber memory to us as *Cyrene II* fled onward into bluer seas within the same unendingly limited horizon. We ate and slept and talked and worked away at whatever we could find to do in our staterooms.

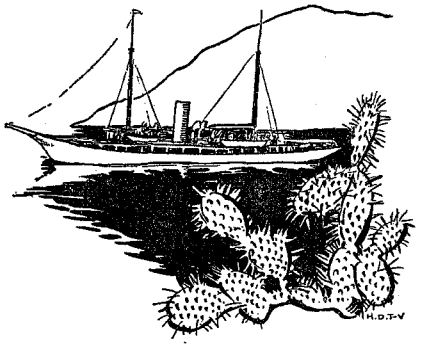
One bright morning Huntoon Rogers lined us up on deck and took official photographs of the members of the expedition.

"So you're the official photographer now," I observed that afternoon when I dropped in on him.

"Yes. Photography has been only a pastime with me, though. If I require help perhaps Carlos will let me have Jay Cranston. He helped awhile around the cameras on a studio lot in Hollywood. Carlos was quite talkative yesterday about him," said Rogers as he worked away. "Carlos is always trying to do something for him. When Jay heard about the expedition he wanted to go along. Carlos said no."

"How did Cranston get aboard?"

"Through a forged note to the agent



*Drawings by Helen Damrosch Tee-Van*

who signed on the crew. The boy boasted to Carlos about the ruse."

"He was quite eager to join, then."

"Very. Oh, he's none too good. Probably none too bad, either. You know, Benny — or don't you? — that Carlos has questioned all the other members of the ship's company, even to the cook and the men in the engine room. He's been thorough. Nobody has any word to report of Quigley's movements subsequent to eleven forty-five, when Starr says he carried him down a whisky and soda. Carlos, though, I'm sure, feels that Quigley was alive much later than that. He won't say what he bases it on, however. Incidentally, there was a perfectly calm sea that night, according to the log."

"Let's go up on deck," I said.

"What's on your mind?"

"Let's satisfy ourselves just what would happen if a man standing at the rail suddenly became dizzy or fainted."

We went up and, beginning at the stern, went completely around the deck, pausing at the end of our round and looking off over the sea. "There's not a break in the rail," I said. "You're tall, Hunt. You stoop very little to lean your elbows on it. Now, what would happen if a man leaning on it should suddenly grow dizzy and faint?"

"He'd fall on the deck, inside the rail."

"Exactly."

Rogers said: "And so what?"

"Quigley either jumped over, or else he was thrown."

Rogers rubbed his large nose and settled his glasses more firmly. "I'd hoped you wouldn't say that, Benny," he remarked softly.

For a long time after Rogers left me I stood at the rail. Thinking of it as an accident would be much the best way for all of us. Some such thought as this was in my mind when the dumpy figure of Mrs. Gorell appeared at the rail near me.

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Bartlett," she said, shoving along until her dark face was close to my shoulder. "You're one of the San Marino Bartletts."

"Unfortunately, yes," I replied.

"Why unfortunately?" she demanded.

"We're such an irresponsible family. We children always have been a great trial to our parents."

"You're not being serious with me, Mr. Bartlett," she accused.

"I'm sorry."

"So you knew Carlos Lanfrey before the expedition was planned?"

"On the contrary."

"Oh," she said, and seemed to lose interest in the conversation. "I wanted to ask you something about Mrs. Lanfrey."

"I think she is a very charming woman," I offered.

"She seemed on familiar terms with Mr. Quigley. Do you think they knew each other before the voyage began?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, Mrs. Gorell." The fat old lady was beginning to bore me.

"This is her second marriage and the captain's third."

I made no comment.

She waited a moment and then added: "She was quite gay in Hollywood, I understand. Perhaps she was in pictures; I don't know. Do you?"

"No."

She drew closer and lowered her voice. "Tell me, Mr. Bartlett," she said confidentially, "what they think about the death of Mr. Quigley. You seem to be in the know. Do they think it was an accident, or was it — foul play?" She hesitated over the last two words before pronouncing them. There was something



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in her dark eyes that startled me, something strange and fearful.

I looked off to sea a moment before replying. "If by 'they' you mean Captain Lanfrey, I don't know. I've not discussed the matter with him. Personally I think Jack Quigley's death was an accident."

She breathed more deeply. "Thank you, Mr. Bartlett. I was certain you would know. The doctor will be glad to know too. It will ease his mind."

I watched until her dumpy figure disappeared at the entrance to the companionway, wondering at the childlike faith with which she had accepted my opinion as final; it indicated a mind extraordinarily wishful of such an explanation.

## XI

A QUICK footfall came along the deck, and I turned to observe what manner of person could exhibit such energy at the close of day. I saw Alice Wilmer. She waved to me and smiled, calling over her shoulder as if I might require an explanation of her behavior. "Exercise!" she said, and passed out of sight. In a few minutes she reappeared, walking toward me again, having completed the circuit of the deck. She was clad in a brown skirt and a white pull-over; her white-shod feet seemed to twinkle as she walked. The fading light of the sun gleamed on her blonde hair.

I joined her on the third round and slowed her pace.

"What's the matter? Are you crippled or something?" she demanded.

"No. Just old age creeping upon me."

She laughed at this feeble sally, her eyes alight. It was the first genuine laugh I had heard since the tragedy. "I expected to find you down in the lounge with the cocktail crowd," she jibed at me.

"Is it that time of day?"

"Mrs. Lanfrey has taken charge of old Doctor Ardleigh."

"Is that old buzzard putting them away at his time of life?"

"Why not? I had one —"

"Who's there?"

"Mrs. Lanfrey, Docs Ardleigh and French, and the captain."

"I didn't know French would stop working long enough for that."

"You don't know your Doctor French," she said. "He can be the gayest dog in the kennel."

"Are the Gorells there?"

"No."

We walked almost a complete round of the deck before anything else was said. Then I asked her: "Did Quigley have any family?"

"Yes and no. He had a wife. She was suing, but the case hadn't come up yet. Oh, but she was bitter. And her family, too, I understand."

"Who was she?"

Alice shook her head. "I never heard who she was before she married. I saw her once. Jack came to live at the apartment where his sister and I live, after his wife left him."

We dropped the subject. It seemed we were picking a bit indecently over the details that little concerned us. We stood at the rail watching the sun slip into a low fog bank, where it turned a blood red, then vanished altogether. The sea lost its bright color and became dull and gray. "Will you walk with me again some time?" asked the girl. She stood away from the rail, one slim arm thrust out to it in support.

"I'd like to."

Her eyes seemed to dance. "It's time I was dressing for dinner," she said. "Good-by."

"So long," I said, and watched her hurry away. She was very beautiful. I wished she had not gone.

The lounge door opened before I had turned back to the rail, and Dr. Gorell stepped out. He wore a dark suit that hung baggily about his pudgy figure. Between his lips was clamped a black pipe. He came over to the rail. "Good evening, Bartlett," he began pleasantly. "The sun's gone, I see."

"Good evening, Doctor."

He seemed calm and mellow of mood. Presently he remarked: "We're beginning to get pretty far south."

"We can expect our landfall in a day or two now."

"Perhaps you will be joining me on some of my hikes," he remarked. There was a hopeful note in his tone. It had been only too apparent that Gorell and Ardleigh were not overly friendly. That clash at the table the first night out had made that clear. Since then they had seemed to have avoided each other; and I imagined that the irritable old conchologist, except for his wife's companionship, was in for a lonely time.

"I'd be glad to join forces with you, Doctor, any time I am going into the interior."

"Thanks, Bartlett. I'm beginning to be eager for the fray. By the way, there isn't a physician in the expedition, is there? Illness or accident is quite likely on such a trip as this." He knocked out his pipe on the rail.

"You've already met the physician," I said.

"Who? I don't remember."

"Captain Lanfrey," I said, repeating information I had gathered from Huntoon Rogers. "He's a graduate, served his internship, and practiced for ten years. Keeps up with the profession now, even though he has retired from practice."

"Astonishing, Bartlett, astonishing. I mean Lanfrey is such an amazingly versatile chap. He talks conchology with me almost like a veteran and he captains this ship. He's no courtesy captain, I've discovered, who has a sailing master to do the actual work. He does it all himself. I feel very humble with my one talent."

"You are right, Doctor; Carlos Lanfrey is a versatile man."

Starr with his dinner gong came along the deck, summoning us to the evening meal.

"I'm hungry," said Gorell. "Let's go in."

It was quite dark when I came on deck again; the blackness of the open lonely sea was everywhere about. It was in striking contrast to the scene which I had just left behind me in the beautifully appointed saloon where the members of the expedition had dined well and where something almost approaching gaiety had developed. Dr. French, the laconic, the silent one, had thawed to the extent of telling an amusing story and engaging in an exchange of persiflage with Mrs. Lanfrey. Even Dr. Gorell, in a moment of sheer abandon, offered a light to Ardleigh, and the old boy took it with a smile and said: "Thanks, old fellow." Dinner was over with a toast to the expedition's success, proposed by Mrs. Lanfrey.

As I rounded the forward turn of the deck, a tall figure standing under the light of an electric bulb drew my attention. It was French. His back was toward me. There was an odd sort of concentration in every line of his lithe body. So absorbed was he with something he held in his hands that he did not hear me approach.

"French," I said.

He turned quickly at the sound of my voice. At the same time his freckled hands folded up a thin manuscript he had been reading. He put it away casually in his pocket. I'm sure that I startled him, but there was no trace of it in his voice.

"Bartlett," he began easily, "I got to thinking at dinner. Our collective spirits are now back to the level they attained on the first dinner we had together. As a group we seem to be trying to forget something."

"You're referring to Quigley, of course, French?"

"Yes. You know, Bartlett, there has to be a reason for a thing like that. No sound reason has been suggested to explain that fellow's death."

"An accident, perhaps —"



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"What kind of accident, Bartlett?"

"Something unavoidable — he tripped and fell —"

"Now, Bartlett, you have more intelligence than that."

"What do you want me to say, French?"

Presently he said, his voice pitched only for my ear: "There was gambling, as you know, in which Quigley won considerable money. From the crew. Isn't it possible that Quigley may have been on deck while we were all asleep and someone from whom he had won money made an effort to get it back? When it was refused, there was a scuffle which ended in Quigley being badly hurt, and the antagonist, in a moment of fright at what he had done and anticipating the consequences of his act, threw Quigley overboard?"

"It's possible," I admitted.

"But probable? Don't you think some such explanation as that is probable, Bartlett?"

"French," I temporized, "I hesitate to say."

He halted me. My eyes wandered away from his dark face, shadowed by his cap, under the visor of which only his thin nose and the full lips were visible. "I'm not Captain Lanfrey," he said. "But, if I were, I should investigate along some such line as that. The law follows a ship to sea, you know."

I stopped French with uplifted hand, moved nearer to the rail and looked down on the deck below, which was open and uncovered forward to the bow. Something I saw there in the dim light cast by a single electric bulb had attracted my attention.

"If there has been foul play, Bartlett, I'd say —"

"Just a minute, French," I said. "There's something down there on the lower deck."

"What?" He came to my side and looked down. Below us a man lay sprawled. The position of his arms and legs suggested that he had been dumped there or had fallen. I sprang for the companionway, followed by French. We reached the man's side and dropped upon the deck. "Hurt, are you?" demanded French, touching him gently on the shoulder.

The man stirred and groaned.

"He's one of the seamen, Bartlett, isn't he?"

"Yes," I said. "His name is Cranston."

## XII

For several hours Jay Cranston lay unconscious in one of the after cabins; then he regained his senses but continued for a day or so to be a very sick young man. There was only conjecture as to what had happened. Meanwhile *Cyrene II* moved steadily onward toward the Galapagos.

"Cranston is proving a source of embarrassment to Carlos," remarked Huntoon Rogers, coming out of the tiny dark-room in the photographic studio. He carried a strip of wet film about the size of motion-picture negative.

"Any idea what happened to him?" I inquired.

"No. But I think it was nothing more than a fight in which Cranston got the worst of it. Carlos is bringing the boy back among the passengers when he recovers — taking him out of the crew altogether."

"How's he doing today?"

"Better. Nothing seriously wrong with him." Rogers whistled a short tune, examining the drying strip of film against the light of an electric bulb.

"What are you up to now, Hunt?" I asked.

"You remember that little camera we found in Quigley's stuff?"

"Yes."

"This is the film that was in it."

"How come?"

"I'm developing it, with Carlos' permission." He held the strip up to the light bulb again, pausing over the last one. He took a large reading glass from the drawer and held it on the final picture. "Humph!" he said, and laid down the glass. "Quigley hadn't taken a picture with that camera for more than a year."

"How do you know that?"

"Easy. The last one on his string is of a Japanese battleship in the harbor at San Pedro. I remember when that ship was there."

I went over to the strip and held the light bulb behind it and took up the reading glass.

I pored over it so long that Rogers asked: "What have you found?"

I gave him the glass.

While I held the light bulb behind the tiny negative, he examined it carefully. "Humph!" he grunted. Rogers put the glass down and looked at me, a curious expression on his face. Finally he said: "I'm going to make an enlargement of that, Benny. It interests me." He proceeded to set up his apparatus.

"In what way does it interest you?"

"Perhaps you didn't notice it, but not at any time did I see the Gorells speak to Quigley or him speak to them; in fact, they obviously ignored each other."

"I'll admit, Hunt," I said, "I didn't notice it. I've got a suggestion, though."

"What?"

"When you get that enlargement made I want Alice Wilmer to see it."

"All right. Go get her."

I found Alice on deck, her hand shielding her eyes as she stared at the unbroken line of horizon.

"What ho?" I said, joining her.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Bartlett —"

"Benny, if you please."

She flashed me an excited smile. "All right. I'm Alice. Mr. Getty just told me we might see land this morning."

"Maybe you won't recognize it when you see it."

She laughed. "Fancy that; and me a landlubber."

"A very lovely landlubber," I said. She gave me a quick glance and looked away, a faint flush creeping into her cheeks.

There were some birds at a distance; I recognized a shearwater. Land undoubtedly was not far away. "I'll bet you won't know land when you first see it," I teased her.

"I'll take you."

"What shall it be?"

"Dinner in Hollywood when we get back."

"Let's have a series of dinners," I amended, "and long rides. Just us two."

Her eyes twinkled, and a wonderful smile flashed across her face. "Agreed," she said.

"But if you can spare a little time now I want to show you something." We turned towards the companionway.

"What is it?"

"Patience," I said, taking her arm.

Rogers was in the dark-room when we entered the studio. "I'll be out in a minute," he called when he heard us. He emerged in a few moments with a large print. He laid it on the bench and beckoned us.

"Oh," said Alice softly, her eyes on the print.

"Look how clear the detail is," said Rogers.

"That's Jack Quigley," Alice said. "Isn't it splendid? And the Gorells — Doctor and Mrs. Gorell —"

"Do you know the young woman?"

"Wait!" She put out her hand to halt me. "It is! Why —"

"Who is she?" demanded Rogers.

"It's Jack's wife."

Rogers looked at me across the top of Alice's blonde head, a curious expression upon his face. "Are you sure, Miss Wilmer?" he asked. "I've known the Gorells for some years but I've never met the daughter."

"Yes, of course." She turned to Rogers. "I don't forget faces. I saw her about a month ago when I was with Edith Quigley — Jack's sister. Edith pointed her out to me."

"Was that after Quigley and his wife had separated?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. They've been separated



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perhaps a year. But why so excited about it?" she asked, looking from me to Rogers.

"We've found it very interesting," Rogers answered. "You will notice a marked family resemblance between the young woman and the two Gorells."

Alice seized the photograph. "There is, isn't there?" she said. "But — that's funny." Her face was a puzzle. "Why, that — it — why, Jack Quigley was the Gorells' son-in-law, then, wasn't he?"

"It looks very much like it," I agreed.

"They were so bitter toward Jack. Why, Edith Quigley told me that Jack's father-in-law was so enraged with him one night he tried to shoot him. He would have, if Jack hadn't taken the gun away from him."

"Humph!" The quiet exclamation was from Rogers. He picked up the enlargement and dropped it into a drawer. The silence began to grow.

What particular thoughts might have found expression in the next few minutes I do not know. For at that moment there was a commotion on deck. We heard running feet and the sound of muffled voices shouting: "Land! Land!"

We dashed out of the studio and gained the deck, to find the members of the expedition and many of the crew on the starboard side, well forward. They were pointing almost dead ahead.

Dr. French, observing us, pointed too. "Land ahead!" he cried. "See it?"

"No, I don't. Doctor. Where? Show me," begged Alice.

I tapped her on the shoulder. "I told you you wouldn't recognize it when you saw it," I reminded her.

She laughed. "Do you see it?" she challenged me.

"Yes. Fix your eyes on that cloud ahead. High up. Then follow two faint spreading lines towards the sea. The dark area there. See it? Like a wedge thrust up from the depths of hell. That's Indefatigable Island. one of the larger islands of the Galapagos Archipelago."

"I see it now," said Rogers.

"Oh, so do I!" exclaimed Alice.

Huntoon Rogers muttered something in my ear.

I looked at him, and he repeated it.

"As you said, Benny. From the depths of hell."

## XIII

In the late afternoon we dropped anchor in the angle made by the small Seymours with Indefatigable Island. We floated on a surface as smooth as a mirror, our ears made uncomfortable by the silence, our legs unsteady by decks suddenly become firm.

"I've asked you to come in, Benny," said Captain Lanfrey as I entered his stateroom that evening after dinner, because we'd like to have a quiet talk — about Quigley."

I glanced about the beautifully furnished cabin. Mrs. Lanfrey's graceful figure was curled up on a deep davenport. Huntoon Rogers was relaxed in a chair. Lanfrey occupied a seat near a small desk.

He waved me to a place at his elbow. "Quigley is gone," Lanfrey said. "Nothing can bring him back. But why? Why did Quigley go overboard? I keep asking myself that question."

"So do I, Carlos," said Rogers. "I've puzzled over it a great deal."

"No doubt you have too, Benny." Lanfrey looked at me.

"Yes. I can't see it as an accident, Captain."

"As suicide, then?" Lanfrey asked slowly.

"No, nor suicide."

Finally Lanfrey said: "You narrow it down to a terrifying conclusion, Benny."

"Jack had a sweet, childlike disposition; he wasn't quarrelsome even when he was drunk," Mrs. Lanfrey said, her brown eyes fixed on mine. She added: "I knew him. We had played around together some in Hollywood before I married Carlos."

"I'm not going to defend my conclusion, Captain," I said. "It's there; it's just as bald as anything can be. I've reached it by the same mental process available to anybody else."

"You can't escape it, Carlos," said Rogers.

"Well," said Lanfrey, a strange look in his blue eyes, "I agree with you but I don't want to. What I propose to do now is to explore the possibilities in this situation, regarding it as a — murder."

An extraordinary quiet settled upon us. The word *murder* now had been used for the first time since Quigley had gone.

Mrs. Lanfrey stopped tapping her cigarette and lighted it. Her action served to break our silence. Rogers remarked: "The way to begin, Carlos, is to divide ourselves into the two natural divisions, the crew and the members of the expedition."

"That's right."

"As for the crew, I think it boils down to those three who were gambling with Quigley. Gambling, the loss of money, the charge of crooked dice, and the consequent hot blood has been at the bottom of many a killing."

"I'll grant it," replied Lanfrey. "But look who those three are. Take Ernest. I've known him ever since he was a little chap; murder is not in his make-up. I'd stake my life on it."

"I'm sure he's right, Professor," said Mrs. Lanfrey. "It — well — it just isn't possible."

"All right, then," said Rogers, "we'll eliminate Ernest. But how about Starr?"

"Starr," I said, looking at Lanfrey, "struck me as either a most ingenuous chap or else a very deep one —"

"You're referring now, are you, Benny," interrupted Rogers, "to the manner in which he admitted he had taken the money from Quigley's room?"

"Yes. He can't prove the money came back to him in that way —"

"Now, let me tell you boys something," Lanfrey broke in vigorously. "Starr has been with me six years. I picked him out of a bunch of pork and beaners at a fight camp where he was trying to get on as a sparring partner. There was something about the fellow I liked. Since then Starr has had a thousand opportunities to steal from me. He's been with me in places where he could have knocked me on the head and got away with no suspicion ever coming home to him. Starr has been square. When he handed over that money, it to me was only another instance of his putting all his cards on the table."

Then Rogers spoke up. "But it isn't the qualities of either honesty or loyalty, Carlos, that have particular bearing —"

"But, Hunt —"

"Wait a minute, Carlos." Rogers waved him off. "Starr by his own admission was the last man to see Quigley alive. We don't know what might have happened between them that may have turned Starr, despite his honesty and loyalty to you, into a murderer —"

"French," I began, interrupting Rogers, "was theorizing the other night. The tragedy might have arisen out of a quarrel over the repayment of the money; Quigley might have been hurt; and his antagonist, not having meant to go so far, became panicstricken and threw Quigley overboard."

Rogers picked up my words immediately. "There very well might have been more to the conversation between Quigley and Starr when Starr took down



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that drink. A fight might have occurred in the cabin —"

"Oh!" exclaimed Lanfrey with an exasperated shake of his blond head — "you fellows — there always has to be a first time, or there would never be any murders. But I'll say this: I would be a character witness for Starr if he were being tried for murder now."

"But will you grant us this point, Carlos: Starr is not to be eliminated from consideration as the killer?"

"Yes. All right. But you know how I feel."

"That leaves only one more of the crew," persisted Rogers.

"You mean Jay Cranston —" I began.

Mrs. Lanfrey suddenly stiffened in her corner of the davenport and became very quiet. I noted that Rogers glanced with a curious expression at Lanfrey. An awkward silence was broken by the latter. "Yes, Jay Cranston," he said, "the boy —" Mrs. Lanfrey sat up, putting her feet firmly to the floor; there was a trifle of anger in her brown eyes, but her voice was calm enough. "Carlos," she said, "you promised me you would not permit that fellow to come on this cruise —"

"I thought I was keeping my promise, dear," said the captain quietly. "The boy forged my name to a note, and Thurston signed him on."

"But he's not your nephew; you know what our agreement was about the second Mrs. Lanfrey and her relatives — *her* relatives, not yours."

"I know, dear. I had intended to tell you before this but I have had so many things on my mind. You don't even know the boy by sight. I don't think he will trouble you at all. The situation, anyway, is such that we've got to keep him until we return. I'm sorry."

"Tell him to keep away from me," she snapped, and lay back among the cushions.

In the awkward pause that followed, Rogers broke silence. "The boy can be eliminated, I suppose, Carlos, from further consideration." He spoke perfunctorily.

"Yes, he's out," replied the captain. We dropped the ticklish subject of Jay Cranston, although the boy had carried a black eye away from the crap game and even now still was confined to a cabin from the mysterious attack made on him.

Finally I spoke. "Captain," I began, "there are the members of the expedition. Of course Mrs. Lanfrey, you, Rogers, and I are out —"

"Are we? Am I?" inquired Lanfrey.

"Well," I began, for the moment taken aback, "I prefer to consider it so —"

"Go on, Benny; Carlos is only joking," Mrs. Lanfrey smiled.

"All the women of course are eliminated," I said. "Quigley was a heavy man. None of them could have got so much dead weight over the rail."

"That leaves Ardleigh, French, and Gorell," said Rogers.

"Why don't we come to Gorell at once, Hunt?" asked Lanfrey.

"What about Gorell?" asked Mrs. Lanfrey.

"You tell her, Benny," said Rogers.

"The story is quite simple," I began. "Something came to light this morning that connects Dr. Gorell with Quigley —"

"I think I know what you mean, but go on."

"Hunt developed some film from Quigley's camera. There was a picture of four persons, which, when it was enlarged, showed quite plainly Dr. and Mrs. Gorell, Quigley, and a young woman whom Alice Wilmer was able to identify as Quigley's estranged wife. The consensus was that the young woman was the daughter of the Gorells. In other words, Quigley was the Gorells' son-in-law. Alice was able to add that Quigley had told her once that his father-in-law had tried to shoot him —"

"Yes, I know that," said Mrs. Lanfrey casually.

"You know that, Reba?" asked Captain Lanfrey in surprise.

"Yes," she answered. "Jack told me —"

"Quigley told you all that himself? Since he came aboard?"

"Why, yes, of course. You gentlemen should have come to me if you wanted really to know."

"But, Reba —"

"Listen, stupid," began Mrs. Lanfrey with faint amusement in her voice at the sudden concern in the captain's tone. "I knew Jack Quigley. I told you that. We'd been good friends a long time. Poor boy! He realized he had got in bad with you, Carlos, over the gambling incident. He wanted me to do what I could to help smooth things over."

"What about the Gorells?" asked Lanfrey.

"Both he and they were much upset when they discovered they were bound for the Galapagos and would be cooped up together for several months."

"Did he say anything else —?"

"You are awfully eager," she said tantalizingly. Her brown eyes regarded us with amusement. "I knew Betty Gorell — Jack's wife. A perfect hellcat. She made Jack miserable. I don't blame him for pulling out and leaving her. But her parents were all for her and against Jack. Natural, of course. Jack said to me that night: 'What am I going to do, Reba? Old Gorell has threatened me —'"

"Threatened?" Both Lanfrey and Rogers uttered the word.

"Yes. 'Reba,' he said, 'what am I to do? I don't want to be the cause of more trouble than I've already made. But the old man has told me in so many words that he'll get me before this cruise is over.' Now, gentlemen, there it is; that's all I know."

"Thank you, dear," said Captain Lanfrey quietly.

## XIV

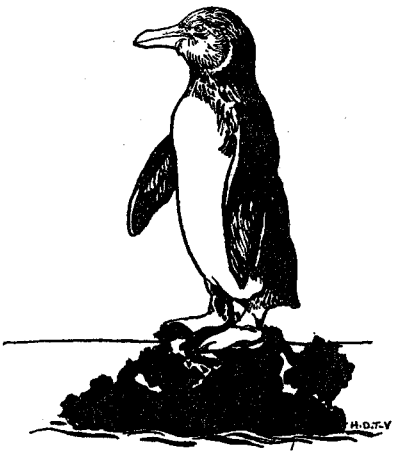
"There's something," I began, "that only this moment has occurred to me. I've missed its significance until now."

"What's that, Benny?" demanded Rogers. Lanfrey and his wife both turned toward me.

"Something Mrs. Gorell said a few days ago," I replied. "She came up to me on deck. When she got around to what was on her mind, she wanted to know your opinion, Captain, as to whether or not Quigley's death was an accident. I told her I hadn't discussed it with you. I told her that I preferred to regard it as an accident. She seemed to grab at that and said this — I remember it exactly — 'The doctor will be glad to know, too; it will ease his mind.'"

"Humph!" said Rogers quietly. "And on his own admission Gorell was prowling about deck at three o'clock in the morning."

"It's odd," remarked Lanfrey. He looked at his watch. "We seem to have got somewhere tonight," he observed. "But I don't know what to do about it. Even though he looks as guilty as hell, I'm not going to put the old fellow in irons. After all, what we have aired is only suspicion; I don't believe it could be called even circumstantial evidence. I'm trying to conduct a scientific expedition and I'll be damned if I'm going to let even a murder interfere with its success. If Gorell is guilty, he goes back with us when we go. I'll





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put what evidence we may have by that time up to the port authorities."

We went out of the cabin together, Rogers and I saying good night to Mrs. Lanfrey, who sat lazily on the davenport. From Lanfrey's stateroom to the cabin which had been made into a sick bay for Jay Cranston was only a short distance. The captain opened the door and looked in. Rogers and I would have continued on to our quarters but for the exclamation the captain made when he looked into the room.

"Well!" he said. "Well! What's this?"

The stocky figure of Jay Cranston sat on the edge of the bed. He was eating an orange. The young man scowled at us.

"I'm hungry," he said.

"That's fine," answered Lanfrey. "Maybe you can have real food for breakfast."

"Why not now?" demanded the convalescent.

"You've been pretty sick." Lanfrey sat down. "How do you feel, Jay?"

"All right." Cranston finished the orange, then rolled back into bed. "I'm getting up tomorrow," he announced.

"Who socked you the other night, Jay?" Lanfrey inquired.

"Starr."

"What for?"

"A little argument."

"What about?"

"He's got Quigley's dice —"

"Quigley's dice?" Lanfrey's voice rose slightly.

"Yes. They're crooked. He was going to clean out the crew with 'em. I said, 'I'm in on it, Starr, or else —'"

"Else what?" Lanfrey's voice hardened.

"He'd kick in, or I'd tell you he had 'em."

"I see," said Lanfrey. "Then what happened?"

"He landed, and I went out."

Captain Lanfrey stood up, towering in the stateroom. "All right. We'll see about your getting up tomorrow. Good night," and Lanfrey pushed Rogers and me ahead of him out of the room.

For a moment the three of us stood there in the passageway, then Lanfrey, with a grim note in his voice, said: "Come on; let's go talk to Starr."

He led the way to the galley. An electric fan stirred the warm air where the ranges now simmered softly in their waning heat. At a table in the corner Starr sat with the cook, playing pinochle. The cook, whose name was Webber, was a round-headed man with very black hair and mild, watery eyes. He saw us first and got to his feet, saying something under his breath to Starr, who immediately popped up, smiling and showing his two gold teeth.

Lanfrey swept a chair to himself and sat down. Rogers and I dropped down upon a serving table. Lanfrey said to Starr and Webber severely: "Sit down!"

Starr even then did not lose his smile. For a moment the silence was unbroken.

"Starr —" began the Captain.

"Yes, Sir." The steward straightened in his seat.

"Several evenings ago Mr. Bartlett, together with Dr. French, found Jay Cranston in an unconscious condition on the deck."

"Yes, Sir."

"I've just asked him who socked him. He says that you knocked him out. Is that true?"

"Yes, Sir," Starr replied without hesitation.

"Tell me about it."

"It was like this, Sir. We had words, and he called me a name. I swung on him, and he went down, striking against the bulkhead, Sir. He was slow to come around, so I took him up on deck in the fresh air and laid him down, then went to find you, Sir. But I did not succeed. When I came back, you and the other gentlemen were carrying him to the sick bay, and you will recollect that I ran ahead of you and opened the doors, Sir, and made the bed ready."

"I remember. What else?"

"That's all, Sir."

"What was the argument about?"

Starr hesitated as if to collect his thoughts. "Cranston was aware that I had Mr. Quigley's dice, Sir. Here they are." Starr stretched out his right leg, the better to get his hand into his trousers pocket, and the next moment a pair of ivory dice rolled upon the table. Lanfrey picked them up and turned them about in his fingers but said nothing.

"Cranston, Sir, has thought from the beginning that they were crooked. I thought so myself once. But they are not. I've tried them. Mr. Quigley, it seemed, Sir, could make them do almost anything. But I cannot. Cranston thought we might win the money of the crew and suggested that we try it. I said I had had enough of gambling. He argued, and one thing led to another —"

"Why didn't you come tell me you were the one who beat up Cranston?"

"I — Sir — I felt quite certain that it would come out when Cranston came around. Being experienced in the boxing ring, I knew he was not fatally hurt, Sir."

Lanfrey continued to toy with the dice. He rolled them several times on the table. "How did you get these dice, Starr?" he asked.

"Mr. Quigley gave them to me, Sir."

"Gave them?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You didn't say anything about it when I talked to you the morning of the investigation."

"No, Sir. You see, they had no bearing on the tragedy. So I said nothing about them, Sir."

"What do you mean no bearing on the tragedy?"

"Mr. Quigley gave them to me the afternoon before he was lost overboard. I went to his room, Sir, with an order of fruit. While I was there he said: 'Starr, see these?' and took the dice from his pocket. 'Yes, Sir, Mr. Quigley,' I said. 'Take them, Starr. I've caused enough trouble already on this ship.' 'Yes, Sir, Mr. Quigley,' I answered, 'but I know gambling is against the captain's wishes.' He laughed and said: 'Well, take them; and if you don't want them throw them overboard.' So I took them, Sir."

"How did Cranston know you had them?"

"He saw them in my room, Sir."

Captain Lanfrey got to his feet. He stood a moment, then said: "Good night, Starr."

## XV

In the early morning sunlight, before anybody was ready to go ashore that first day, I discovered Alice Wilmer, dressed in shorts and sweater, on the forward deck before an easel and attended by a sailor turned fisherman for the purposes of her work. Her hand was rapid, her decisions of color swift and baffling, the result amazing.

She glanced up and smiled. The sun was making a strange kind of gold of her hair. "You can stay if you don't ask too many questions, Benny," she tossed to me. "Have you got another one?" she asked the sailor, who nodded and flopped a fish upon the deck. It was a gorgeously colored thing, its torpedo-like body flaming like a sun, unbearable almost to the eyes. Another of its kind, its coloring dulled like burned-out fires, lay on the deck.

I looked over Alice's shoulder as she worked. Presently she glanced up and said: "It's a yellowfin tuna."

"Gorgeous thing," I said.

"The colors fade so soon," she wailed.

I moved off a little and gazed at the distant cloud-capped peaks of uninhabited Indefatigable. The shore line was broken, inhospitable, although there were sandy beaches among the black volcanic rocks.

"Got another one?" Alice asked the sailor. "This one is fading so fast I can't use it."

"No, Ma'am; they've quit biting."

Alice hung her palette on the easel and stretched lazily.



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I walked over to her side. "What's the great rush?" I asked.

"Oh — just to please Dr. French — prove that little Alice is worthy."

"That isn't necessary," I said. "I'm satisfied. As for pleasing that red-headed scientist —"

"Oh, I don't know, Benny. All dressed up, aren't you?" she jibed at me. "You look like a handsome forest ranger or something."

"By the by," I dropped my voice, "your information about Quigley's wife being the daughter of the Gorells is correct."

Footsteps came along the deck, and I turned to observe French's lithe figure. The ichthyologist was dressed in old khaki and was smoking a cigarette.

"Good morning, Doctor," called Alice.

"Good morning, Miss Wilmer; good morning, Bartlett. What's this you've got?" He came around to examine the work on the easel.

"I was out early," explained Alice, "and I saw the sailor fishing so I got my stuff and went to work."

"It's excellent," commented French. "Yellowfin. Quite common in these waters. Unbelievable colors. This is the only way to get them." French indicated the picture with a freckled hand.

"We were just talking, Doctor, about Jack Quigley," began Alice.

"Beautiful colors — oh," he said, looking at me. "You said Jack Quigley. What about him?"

"Did you know he was Dr. Gorell's son-in-law?"

The sun's rays on French's hair made it like something alive. He frowned, then said: "He was somebody's son-in-law. Somebody around the university. I guess it was old Gorell." There was the merest suggestion of contempt in his tone. "Why, what about Quigley?"

"His drowning keeps bobbing up. I don't know how it got started —"

"You started it, Benny," accused Alice, "by saying Mrs. Lanfrey knew that he was related by marriage to Dr. Gorell."

"Mrs. Lanfrey?" French's voice rose slightly. "She knew him?"

"Yes."

French didn't seem particularly interested in the subject. "I might say this," he remarked. "Quigley was a promising research student in the invertebrate laboratory at the university. I had him for a while, then he threw it up to go with the pictures. But —" he looked at his watch. "They'll be getting started shoreward soon," he said. "About you, Miss Wilmer — I'm going by myself in a small boat. If you want to stay and finish this job here, do so."

"I'll stay," said Alice, "if somebody'll catch my fish."

"I'd be glad to go on fishing for you, Ma'am," said the sailor.

"All right, then." French turned away. "Coming, Bartlett?"

We fell into step and walked aft. The launch was being swung over the side.

Huntoon Rogers laden with camera and a pack came on deck. "Had breakfast, you fellows?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, stopping beside him.

"Good morning, Mr. Bartlett."

I looked about at the sound of my name and saw Dr. Gorell. The old man wore a rough suit of clothing, high laced boots, and a pith helmet. His glasses sat firmly astride his nose, and he gripped his pipe between his teeth.

"Good morning, Doctor," I replied.

"Do we join forces this morning? Mrs. Gorell is coming."

"If you care to," I answered. "Although I probably shall not go very far from the beach."

"I think I'll work along the beach first, too." He seemed in excellent spirits. "Ah, here's Mrs. Gorell now."

I turned to see the dumpy figure of his wife in much the same kind of outfit her husband wore. Of a sudden I felt monopolized by the Gorells and wished I had not so readily agreed to join forces with them.

With no little excitement, the first shore party a few minutes later went over the side. We were in high spirits during the short launch ride to shore. We had reached our goal at last; the work for which we lived was before us. Other things, too, before us, but not what we were thinking about.

## XVI

For upwards of an hour after landing we delayed to assume our roles as scientists, preferring to look at this uninhabited desert island through the eyes of a Robinson Crusoe. A mother seal and her pup playing on the beach manifested a mild interest in our arrival and came closer to watch us land.

Almost the first thing to greet our eyes was a scarlet shadow that moved across the black face of a lava rock in the edge of the water. Hardly a shadow, either: it was too brilliant; yet it moved like one, as the scores of scarlet rock crabs of which it was made up scuttled noisily across the lava.

Several mockingbirds approached to inspect us as we advanced over the barrow of shells pushed up on the beach by the waves. They had no fear as have wild creatures elsewhere. A large yellow iguana eyed us sleepily and ran away only when Dr. Gorell walked up to it too suddenly.

Dr. Ardleigh was the first to strike away from the group; he started alone toward the interior, through the scrub of cactus and Bursera. Huntoon Rogers began his picture making, and I wandered away upon ornithological pursuits, tagged by the Gorells, who searched for shells.

Later I found a shady spot and sat down. Mockingbirds came to keep me company, hopping about my feet, peering at me like near-sighted creatures from perches three feet away in a wild cotton plant. Out on the shallow waters some hundreds of yards off shore Dr. French in a glass-bottomed skiff was lazily observing the life beneath the surface.

"It's hot in the sun, Bartlett," said a voice behind me. I turned to see the Gorells making their way toward me, searching out every nook and cranny for possible snails. Mrs. Gorell continued on down to the beach, but the old man sat down, removed his helmet, and fanned his hot, red face. "I say, it's hot!"

"You'll find it cool in the shade," I remarked.

Gorell filled and lighted his pipe. He tossed the dead match into the grass. A mockingbird swooped upon it, picked it up, and flew away. "You, Bartlett — you know, I like you," Gorell said suddenly. His keen dark eyes were fixed upon me. There was no probing what was behind this unexpected confidence.

"Well, Doctor —" I began. "I think I can say it's mutual." Politeness rather than blunt opinion has been my weakness. I didn't exactly dislike the man, but I was not drawn to him.

He cleared his throat. "I liked you from the first moment. You're a gentleman and a man who can keep his own counsel."

"Doctor," I said, "you overwhelm me."

He looked at me sharply, then pulled strongly upon his pipe. There was something coming. "You know," he began abruptly, "this Quigley affair — I don't mind saying to you, Bartlett, that it has been a nightmare to me."

"And the rest of us, Doctor."

"Sooner or later I am going to be connected with it."

"But —"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say. It was not an accident. It was murder. Did you know that I was John Quigley's father-in-law?"

"Yes, Sir —"

"How did you know that?" he asked irritably.

"Mrs. Lanfrey has said so. French has said so —"

"French?" he said. "Yes. He would



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know. And Mrs. Lanfrey, how did she know it?"

"Through Quigley. She had known him for some time."

"Hm!" he mused. "And she will have told all the gossip she knows about me." He cleared his throat once more. "You know," he began, "you know — Bartlett — I'm in a very awkward position. Had I known Quigley was coming I'd stayed at home. I didn't kill Quigley. I'm a quick-tempered man. I say things I don't mean to say when I am angered; I threaten things I have no intention whatever of doing —"

"It's been said," I remarked quietly, "that you threatened Quigley's life —"

"And he told that Lanfrey woman, then, did he?" Gorell thrust out his jaw.

I wished I had kept my mouth shut.

He knocked out his pipe and put it away. "Bartlett, I'm going to tell you something. I don't want you to repeat it."

"Do you think you ought to, Doctor?" I interrupted.

"Yes, Bartlett," he replied. "I think I ought. Just in case. Mrs. Gorell even is ignorant of what I'm going to tell you. You know — my position is very difficult. I like to, in fact, I do observe the amenities. I am a gentleman, instinctively. I'm sensible that in a manner I am the guest of Captain Lanfrey. That's why I have kept this to myself. But I want your advice."

"All right, Doctor; just as you say."

"It's this: You will remember, when Captain Lanfrey was questioning us the morning it was discovered Quigley had been murdered, that I admitted to having gone on deck about three o'clock in the morning."

"Yes."

"I said I didn't see anyone. That's not so. I felt constrained to evade the truth at that point because it involved a woman more deeply than I imagined she would want to be involved."

"Miss Wilmer," I began, "testified —"

"It was not Miss Wilmer. It was Mrs. Lanfrey. She and Quigley were standing at the rail together, talking —"

"Mrs. Lanfrey?" I said. "At three o'clock?"

"Yes. I made no noise. They were at the rail, not once glancing around. A husband, Bartlett, is within his rights — Captain Lanfrey may have — I don't say —"

"Just what are you driving at, Doctor?"

"Don't I make myself clear, Bartlett? Very well, then. I'll be more specific. I understand the Captain and his wife have sumptuous quarters on ship; besides their private lounge they each have separate bedrooms. Mrs. Lanfrey could quite easily go up to meet her lover at three o'clock in the morning unknown to the Captain."

"I see what you are getting at —" I began.

"Of course you do. Mind you, Bartlett, I'm not accusing Lanfrey of killing Quigley. But, when a man sees the web of circumstances closing around him as I see it closing around me, he naturally strives to uncover the truth. The real story hasn't been told yet."

"Perhaps not."

"Now, please, Bartlett, this has been in strictest confidence. I have no intentions of saying anything about it unless —"

The sound of a footfall behind us closed Gorell's lips like a trap. We both looked about, expecting to see someone of the ship's party who had walked up upon us unheralded. But at the sight of the man, both of us were struck silent in wonder. A man — in ragged clothing, a black-felt hat, and shoes that were in shreds — stood there looking at us. His face was tanned almost black; his hands were thin, like talons. And yet he had a pleasant smile.

"Hello," I said.

He shook his head. "No sabe," he answered.

"Try him in Spanish, Bartlett," urged Gorell.

The man knew a little Spanish, and we discovered who he was.

"Who is he?" demanded Gorell, when we had exchanged a few words.

"He's a Norwegian. Been a castaway for three weeks."

"Shipwreck?"

"He had a small sailboat. He comes from Chatham Island. Currents and winds brought him here and wrecked him."

As we talked, the man squatted on the ground before us, looking first from Gorell to me. He pointed out to *Cyrene II* and asked if she were our ship.

"Yes," I said. "Hungry?"

He grinned and rubbed his stomach. Iguanas and birds' eggs, I discovered, were all he had had to eat for days.

"What do you say we take him down to the launch, Doctor?" I asked. "It's lunchtime."

"Why, yes. Certainly."

## XVII

A MORE extensive story was forthcoming from the castaway when it was discovered that Ernest could talk with him in his native tongue. The man's name was Knutsen, and he had been a sailor on a tuna clipper out of San Diego. The year before, he had gained his release to join several of his countrymen already on Chatham Island in the Galapagos. Three weeks before, while on a short fishing cruise, he had encountered strong currents and winds that swept him northwestward to Indefatigable, where he had been wrecked. He hoped Captain Lanfrey would set him back on Chatham Island, which Lanfrey promised to do.

Knutsen knew much of interest about the islands, particularly of the fish. At odd times for the better part of two days he was questioned by various members of the expedition through Ernest; especially did French find him valuable. French gave him some badly needed clothing, for the two were almost of a size.

The scientific work had got off to a good start. When I was not ashore I was busy below decks skinning and dissecting birds, tagging and preparing skins, and writing up notes. The others were equally busy. French was constantly engaged in the shallow waters and tide pools along shore. He kept Alice Wilmer supplied with work and directed the activities of some of the crew who went on fishing excursions. Ardleigh spent his days ashore alone.

The second day, Mrs. Gorell walked a blister on her heel and remained aboard ship. Gorell ranged farther back from shore in his search for shells. Rogers was constantly busy either ashore or in his studio. Lanfrey was engaged in keeping the expedition running smoothly; and Mrs. Lanfrey went ashore twice, complained of the heat, and then returned to the ship to read.



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That third morning of our stay at Indefatigable began with the usual rush for breakfast, followed by the trip to shore. Jay Cranston was now permitted to join the shore parties. He was under Rogers and carried a camera. He seemed entirely recovered from his injuries. The sullen disposition had brightened with the prospect of adventure.

With the exception of Mrs. Gorell and Mrs. Lanfrey, the entire party, including Knutsen, was on shore that morning. French as usual was in his glass-bottomed skiff in the shallow water. On landing, we struck away at once in various directions, not to meet again until lunchtime on the beach.

I was hungry when I came back after a long tramp afield. Alice Wilmer, who had been laboring under a huge sun umbrella near the landing point, came up as I did.

"Where's Starr?" I asked Ernest.

"We were a little early, Sir. Starr thought nobody would be coming, and he went for a short walk."

Knutsen came along the beach carrying something. He came straight up to us, grinning.

"What's he got?" asked Alice, and then answered her own question. "Oh, it's a scarlet crab."

Knutsen set it on the ground, and we gathered around it.

Ernest came over. He spoke to Knutsen in Norwegian.

"He says it's his friend," translated Ernest.

The crab was unusual in one respect: it did not scuttle away, as did the rest of its kind, at the approach of human beings. It remained on the ground where Knutsen had placed it, its spoon-shaped claws waving, its comical eye stalks twisting about as if to inspect us individually.

"Oh, look," exclaimed Alice, "he's saluting!"

Oddly enough the claws came down sharply at intervals in something very like a snappy salute.

Knutsen said something, and Ernest translated. "He says he wants to make a present of it to Miss Wilmer."

"Me?" Alice looked at the castaway, who grinned. "Oh, thanks. I'll call him Jimmy."

Rogers and Cranston were now coming up the beach. They stopped to look at the crab. Rogers tapped it on the back with his finger, at which the crab saluted violently.

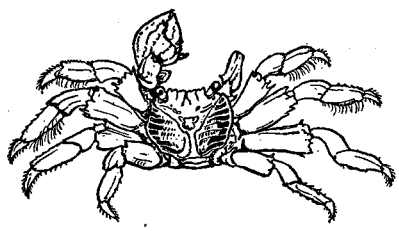
French beached his skiff and came up. Ernest went back to the lunch baskets. In a few minutes Dr. Ardleigh appeared amongst us, followed by Captain Lanfrey.

Ernest was serving the lunch when Starr appeared, somewhat breathless. At Lanfrey's questioning look he explained. "I meant to be gone only a few minutes, Sir," he said. "But I turned my ankle and had to rest a bit."

"Where's Dr. Gorell?" asked Alice.

Nobody answered at once, then Rogers said: "I saw him two hours ago, pretty well down the beach."

"He won't be long," observed French, jokingly, reaching for a fresh sand-



wich. "Gorell doesn't hang back when it's time to put on the nose bag."

But when the launch put off at two o'clock Gorell had not yet come in. Ardleigh, Lanfrey, and I went back to the ship. The others scattered on shore. I had work to do in the laboratory.

While I was thus engaged Rogers came in. "Gorell didn't show up for lunch," he said.

"Bit odd, don't you think?"

"I spoke to Carlos just now. If Gorell doesn't show up in half an hour he'll start looking for him."

By 6 o'clock we were not only deeply concerned for Gorell's safety but were organized into searching parties. Sundown was not far away when we separated. French, Ardleigh, and Cranston moved off to the left along the shore. Captain Lanfrey, with Starr and a sailor, went to the right along the beach. Chief Officer Getty, with Knutsen and a sailor — and Rogers, with Ernest and me — struck straight inland.

"Gorell probably has fallen and hurt himself," I observed.

"Yes. But he could have shouted," replied Rogers.

Ernest plodded along to our right, carrying a packet of signal rockets. "Perhaps it is something worse, Sir," he called out.

After a moment Rogers answered him: "I hope not."

We worked our way slowly over a terrain full of sharp lava rocks and overgrown with cactus. The sun dropped below the horizon. High overhead in the last rays of the upper sunlight a pair of flamingos flew over, beating their blood-red wings in homeward flight. We watched them go down the empty sky and as they vanished we heard well around to our left a voice raised in a shout. We listened and made out French calling Gorell's name.

"Not a bad idea now that the sun's down," Rogers said. Immediately he lifted a powerful voice, calling the missing man. The cry was taken up well to our right. And again still farther away. The eerie sound came faintly to us over the wild and rugged ground.

"We'll have to quit this soon," I said to Rogers. "See how dark it's getting."

"We'll keep on as long as we can," he answered. The next moment he had snapped on his flashlight, and its rays slashed the gathering gloom, shining upon strange things. Once it lit full upon the yellow, dragon-shaped form of an iguana. For a moment the eyes of the creature glittered as it turned to gaze at us; then with a startling rush it sought refuge in its burrow.

We were along the edge of a lava ridge, its sides broken down like giant's stair steps; lizards scuttled confusedly away when our flashlight rays touched them; birds scolded us sleepily from the branches of shrubs. Rogers climbed to the top of the ridge, and I followed.

"It's little we can do now," Rogers said. As he spoke, his foot slipped, and a lava plate large as a platter scaled off and went clattering to the ground with a ring of iron.

"Careful," I warned.

"I just want to look around and see if there are any signals."

"What were the signals?" I asked.

"One rocket if he's found injured. Repeat at five-minute intervals," he said.

"And?"

"Two — if he's dead."

We stood there on the ridge, looking about us. Out at her anchorage *Cyrene II* now twinkled with lights. A single point of light on the beach marked the launch. Elsewhere was only gloomy darkness. The shouting of the searchers had ceased, and a deathlike quiet had shut down upon us. Ernest down below us struck a match and lighted a cigarette. The sound and flash were startling. Rogers caught his breath as if to speak.

"I —" he began — then his hand struck me heavily.

But I had seen it. To the west of us a long, greenish, wavering line of fire climbed slowly upward into the dark sky. It seemed that it would never stop; up and up it labored while we held our breath.

"One!" said Rogers softly as it topped its long climb and silently faded away into nothingness. "Wait now. It will be repeated in five minutes —" His voice stopped abruptly, for from that same spot the long, greenish, wavering line started once more on its long climb.

"Two!" I counted, and we looked at one another horrified in the dark.

**( Continued next month )**



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# A Page for Poets

**Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach**

***President, Poetry Society of America***

### The Holiday Crop

This month's outpouring of new books makes a gay pile of thin volumes in smart jackets. With them comes a weighty tome of vast learning and usefulness, The Complete Rhyming Dictionary, edited by Clement Wood (Halcyon House, $1.89). It is unlikely that many rhymes permissible in current American vernacular or slang have escaped this exacting editor.

The most brilliant newcomer among the poets is John Williams Andrews. His Prelude to "Icaros" (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00) recites the glamourous history of the human craving and early attempts to fly. The pulse of this poet's lines is like the wing beat of a great soaring bird, sweeping the imagination into a yet unexplored realm of beauty.

A Trophy of Arms, by Ruth Pitter (Macmillan, $1.75), bears out the sophisticated praise offered by James Stephens in his preface. Neither a major nor a minor poet, she is designated a "pure poet." Poems, by C. F. MacIntyre (Macmillan, $1.25) acknowledge T. S. Eliot in their steel-edged irony and majestic word imagery.

The Yale University Press offers us Anthology of Verse 1836–1936 ($2.50) and The Deer Come Down, by Edward Weismiller ($2.00). The anthology demonstrates that the *Yale Literary Magazine*, during a century, has kept abreast of the authentic development of American verse. Mr. Weismiller is a poet of nature who knows her discomforts as well as her lure. He is still a student at Cornell College, Iowa.

Distant Wonder, by Antonia Y. Schwab (Kaleidograph, $1.50) is a collection of thoughtful little lyrics with attractive pen-and-ink decorations by Kenneth Washburn. Epilogue (Constable, $2.00) comprises verse and critical prose by members of the Majorca literary colony, of whom Robert Graves is the best known. Restless Anchor, by Wendy Marsh (Greystone, $1.75), plays tenderly with the multicolored themes of love.

Henry Harrison, poetry publisher, produces four new volumes: New Jersey Poets ($2.00); South Carolina Poets ($2.00); Life Invited Me, by Adele de Leeuw ($1.50); and I Wish with a Rythm of Song, by Rebekah ha Levi-Mordeki ($2.75).

## The Poetry of the 1930's

***by* HORACE GREGORY**

In America, poetry since 1930 seems to have made its start with the publication of Hart Crane's second book, *The Bridge*, and in England a change of heart made its first public appearance in *New Signatures* (1932), which introduced in concert C. Day Lewis, Stephen Spender, and W. H. Auden. To name this latter group in one breath is merely a matter of historical convenience; and, whether we read one or all three with approval or disfavor, they, with a group of still younger Americans, are likely to influence our conception of the contemporary poet and his poetry.

To view one aspect of the change that has come about within the last ten years, it may be well for us to remember a few survivors of an old Bohemia. Even as recently as ten years ago, a very few writers still affected a style of dress inherited (but greatly modified) from the tradition of Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, and Henri Murger's *La Bohème*. These were the last few who tried to distinguish themselves as apart from middle-class society by the way they dressed and lived. The slow death of that convention (the long hair, Byronic shirt-collar open: see the famous 1914 Chicago portrait of Rupert Brooke) may be traced through the pages of Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return* and Albert Parry's *Garrets and Pretenders*. It is likely that the younger poet of today has taken care not to résemble these predecessors physically and it is highly probable that he carries in his mind a photograph of James Joyce — dressed in white, neat as a hospital intern — or of T. S. Eliot — looking as conservatively correct as a youngish member of the New York Stock Exchange. To say this we need not read any profound or mystical significance into a change of dress nor need we imply that certain personal mannerisms determine the quality of a poet's work; and yet, by indirection, they betray, I think, some well-marked characteristic in his attitude. The rare exceptions would serve to help me prove my rule.

Quite as his dress has changed, the new poet is likely to take for granted a number of theories, technics, or ideas that were not familiar to literature seven years ago. This again, as we well know, does not determine the quality of his poetry but describes its *kind*, its style, its language; and we have something that we call a new poetry, something unlike the work that has preceded it and yet carrying within it a definite tradition. It might be said that, every time a new poetry appears, there is a new choice made from a rich heritage. It is common knowledge that Hart Crane read, among other poets, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Poe, Whitman, and William Carlos Williams' *In the American Grain*. He knew the work of the French symbolists — perhaps by hearsay, but the knowledge was there; and Philip Horton, who is writing a biography of Crane, has discovered another source of his poetry in the manuscript of an unknown poet by the name of Greenburg. This discovery promises to be as important as the proof of a literary relationship between Thomas Holley Chivers and Edgar Poe. Without these influences Crane would have written another kind of poetry.

II

Our clues to the literary heritage of the younger English poets are even more explicit and of greater variety. A reliable index of what they have read, as well as their intentions in writing poetry, could be compiled from three accessible sources: *The Poet's Tongue*, an anthology of which W. H. Auden was coeditor; *The Destructive Element*, a series of essays by Stephen Spender; and C. Day Lewis' *A Hope for Poetry*. We learn at once the depth or shallowness of certain influences: the Joyce of *Ulysses*, the later Yeats, Pound and Eliot, Rilke and D. H. Lawrence, Henry James and Freud, Gerard Manley Hopkins, *Piers Plowman*, Thomas Hardy and Wilfred Owen, John Strachey, and Marx and Engels of *The Communist Manifesto* are all contributors to the education of the contemporary English poet.



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This list, of course, creates a different atmosphere from that which surrounded poetry ten or fifteen years ago. The direct influences of the "vers libertines" who used Biblical rhythms to lend eloquence to "polyphonic prose" have measurably decreased, and today the music of seventeenth-century poetry has exhausted its rediscovered freshness and vitality by entering the work of Leonie Adams, Archibald MacLeish, Ezra Pound, and T. S. Eliot. By this I mean that the metaphysicals are now likely to be approached at second hand, and in a sense they have become the property of poets whose choice of a literary heritage was made before 1930. For the same reason, poets today are likely to avoid the Heine-Kipling-Horacian atmosphere that produced a Housman; nor are they likely to respect Robert Frost's conception of a "bard."

The younger poets of the South and Southwest have discovered a valuable corrective to the Protean despair of Robinson Jeffers in the poetry of Walter Savage Landor, and in their work as well as in the verse of the younger Englishmen may be traced the keepings of the later Yeats. At the moment it would seem that Robert Penn Warren is by far the best of a younger group that received its first encouragement in John Crowe Ransom's magazine, *The Fugitive*.

### III

So much, then, for the literary environment of the present decade, an environment that is always deeply colored by the extraliterary world in which the poet lives. The years of economic depression and readjustment in Europe and in America have served to re-educate a large number of younger writers. In Europe the mounting threat of fascism kept alive the memories of war; war imagery crowds the pages of contemporary British poetry and for good reason. There has been no actual peace in Europe since the Treaty of Versailles. Battlefields have shifted from the areas of no man's land through France and Flanders to city streets in middle Europe: first in Italy; then in Germany, Austria, and Poland; and at last in Spain. The scene shifts from war between nations to civil warfare; and beneath the surface of mass executions, purges, and wholesale imprisonment of political dissenters there is the wide, slow, steady realignment of economic forces and ideas. It should not surprise us that the essays of Stephen Spender and the poetry of W. H. Auden reflect the changes taking place on the map of Europe, and we should be prepared to discover in their poetry some hint of a subconscious world whose dark roadways and uneven plains have been described in larger outline by Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*. But, in finding these suggestions of what is happening today in Europe, we must be careful not to read too much meaning into the new poetry.

We have only to remember that the paraphrase of any poem is a poor substitute for the poem itself and, if we recall the many contradictory interpretations imposed upon *The Waste Land*, we shall see at once that literal *meaning* in a poem is not the same as the emotion it inspires.

Perhaps the best analogy for modern poetry exists in modern painting. To those of us who have seen the recent exhibitions of surrealist art, the poetry of W. H. Auden seems less unfamiliar than to those of us who have not. The same technic of perspective by incongruity is employed, and in this particular the poetry of Hart Crane sustains a resemblance to the painting of Max Ernst.

### IV

On this side of the Atlantic the poetry of the present decade contains less reference to war machinery than we are likely to find in contemporary British writing, and we have only to read Van Wyck Brooks's *Flowering of New England* to see the great contrast between the cultures of America and Europe. The contrast is also shown in our interpretation of day-to-day experience. The six years of economic depression as they appear on the surfaces of contemporary poetry reflect a different attitude than anything we might find today in England. Literary influences are, of course, interchangeable, but cultural influences are not; and therefore in New York we have a kind of poetry written by Kenneth Fearing, Muriel Rukeyser, and Edwin Rolfe that is peculiar to the years of the depression in a large American city. Perhaps the most important things to remember about Mr. Fearing's work are its satire and antipoetic quality, its generous use of urban slang, its deadly use of the kind of horror we find on the front pages of a New York tabloid. In Muriel Rukeyser's *Theory of Flight* there is an assimilation of airplane and industrial-warfare images, and we have only to contrast the quality of her work with such earlier experiments as MacKnight Black's *Machinery* (1929) to know how far the poetry of the present decade has progressed toward solving one of its major problems. And in the poetry of Edwin Rolfe we have a few examples of another kind of poetic statement, the simple, direct statement of faith in a new social order, extending into the future to find a new world and "greener shores."


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Poets of the 1930's

To mention these poets is not to exclude others such as James Agee, Elizabeth Bishop, and Robert Fitzgerald, nor am I assuming that the younger poets I have mentioned may rest upon their laurels or that their work is now completed and secure; but all six poets are writing verse that is characteristic of our time and place and all seem to be moving toward the same promise of maturing a technic that has already gained historical importance. We are as yet too close to the poetry of our time to know how much of it will be lost in topical reference or how much of it will be retained a brief ten years from now. Mortality lists in poetry are always large, but these are risks that every poet should face with courage. Meanwhile the present decade, at the very least, has re-established a hope for poetry, a hope that was very dim and perishing seven years ago. And with that hope we should remember with George Moore that the real artist does not trouble himself about immortality. That worry should be reserved for his critics and for his heirs; they will dismiss him or revive him as they please.

I suspect that the hope we find in the new poetry lies in its willingness to make its own choice of a literary heritage and to absorb the life of its environment, for we must remember that good poets in every active period have been well aware of the world around them and that "the perfect style" — so wrote Gerard Manley Hopkins to Canon Dixon — "is of its age."

(*The February* FORUM *will contain new verses by these "poets of the 1930's."*)

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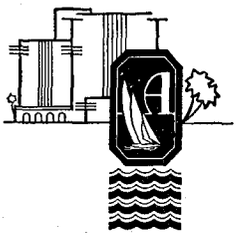

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# OUR ROSTRUM

*These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

THE SCHOOLTEACHER

To the Editor:

When a man possessing enough ability to become a doctor of medicine and to rate an article in THE FORUM ["What Is a Teacher Worth?" December FORUM] can make such a botch of schoolteaching as Dr. Jean Ricochet Boyd did, he should be the last to question the worth of a schoolteacher. . . . Why didn't he just admit that some people make better doctors than teachers and avoid rationalizing his conscience in print?

Conditions such as he describes are the result of an incompetent staff from the top down. They exist when a board of education of .22-caliber butter-and-egg men hires and fires teachers under methods and salaries applicable to their factory hands. . . . Any community willing to pay the price can buy good teaching, just as it can buy good lampposts. . . .

K. LAIRD
*Kelvyn Park High School*
*Chicago, Ill.*

To the Editor:

Although Dr. Boyd's observations in the main are correct and his indignation justified, yet his conclusions are a bit hasty and perhaps unfair. It is quite obvious that Dr. Boyd is an honest crusader; nevertheless he appears to be a mere neophyte in the strange ways of our bewildering social set-up. . . .

To begin with, our educational bishops are well aware of the fact that only ten per cent of their material are receptive to the three R's. But who are they to kick the refractive 90 per cent into the gutter or perhaps into the impotent vocational school? With 9,000,000 adults twiddling their thumbs hopelessly in corrosive idleness, what would be gained by pushing millions of youngsters into industry or teaching them trades? . . . Furthermore, what to me is more important is that we need this vast army of school kids primarily to keep our law-abiding teachers employed and secondarily to provide activity for the swarm of educational quacks and false prophets of child psychology, who have descended on us like a plague of prairie grasshoppers. Their intrusions into serious adult activity might in the end lead to generalized mayhem. Hence it is much wiser to let them practice their magic on the kids, to whom this whole business is funny. . . .

. . . . . .

DR. GEORGE S. MEISTER
*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

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# Our Rostrum

To the Editor:

I am one of the multitude of high-school students about whom Dr. Boyd speaks. . . . There still are teachers who are not only well educated in their subject but also possess the necessary qualifications for teaching it. Most of my classmates and I feel that we understand the principles and also feel that we are able to express ourselves in terms of the subject — physics, for instance. Ours is not an extraordinary class. I wish merely to suggest that not all or even a large majority of students today have "plain blank ignorance and total lack of any real understanding" of the subjects taught.

NORMAN J. KRAEFT
*River Forest, Ill.*

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Doesn't it all boil down to this? There are more poor teachers than good teachers (as of lawyers, bankers, ditch diggers); a poor teacher, whatever he is getting, is overpaid; a good teacher, one who is a success at living as well as instructing, is underpaid. . . .

. . . . . .

KARL K. BOMBERGER
*Caldwell, N. J.*

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . I do not believe that the million schoolteachers in America need to be defended from the condemnation of one of their number who admits that he has failed. . . .

. . . . . .

The article is keenly and cleverly written, and I am quite in accord with the author when he confesses that he was overpaid. . . .

A. J. STODDARD
*Superintendent of Schools*
*Providence, R. I.*

**"FAITH" CURES**

To the Editor:

No one can quarrel with the facts of cures by "faith" as presented by Dr. Harrington ["Sight by Faith," by Terence Harrington, December FORUM]. Psychologists have long recognized, and physicians long before them, that a sizeable minority of human ailments might be temporarily or even permanently cured by such methods as he describes. Any textbook on methods of psychotherapy will be found to contain a chapter on suggestion.

There are two important points, however, at which Dr. Harrington has rendered something less than justice. The major criticism which has always been leveled against suggestion therapy is that it usually takes no account of what were the primary conditions responsible for the malady. It attacks symptoms rather than causes. It is precisely for this reason that so many "cures" have been found to be either temporary or followed by other equally malignant symptoms.

This, of course, is no reason for minimizing the value of cures, even if they be only temporary. Much of every form of medical therapy is on the symptom level, and any method of obtaining relief from painful or annoying symptoms, whether it gets to the sources or not, is better than none. But at this point the second consideration enters:

Such words as *diagnosis* and *scientific* appear in Dr. Harrington's description of the therapeutic process, and yet I am unable to find a single word of explanation as to *why* the disorders which he describes appear. Certainly plenty of other individuals have been subjected to the same kinds of precipitating circumstances as those described in this case, without any subsequent hysterical symptoms. The only diagnosis which he suggests is that of making sure that the malady is not "organic." Nothing is said of the diagnosis or the origins of the malady.

A truly scientific investigation of such symptoms would be, in my opinion, based on a certain hypothesis as to underlying conditions under which they appear. So defined, it appears probable that at the present date a more scientific explanation of such phenomena can be offered by the psychologist, who approaches the problem as a particular instance of the general type of behaviors called "learning," than by the type of physician described in connection with Dr. Harrington's cases.

THEODORE NEWCOMB
*Bennington College*
*Bennington, Vt.*

**ZIONISM**

To the Editor:

Mr. Schack ["Arab and Jew in the Holy Land," by William Schack, December FORUM] has presented the Zionist cause in his best bedside manner. One would never suspect that there are legitimate Arab grievances.

I should like to remind him that a few years ago he wrote: "In the present self-conscious, formative years its [Palestine's] principal cultural products are overweening conceit and ferocious egoism. These the children of the [Zionist] pioneers of fifty years ago possess in abundance." And has he forgotten that he once brought before us the "case of Tel Aviv, a city without economic foundation?"

Why does he not lay emphasis on the violent insistence by the Histadrus on Jewish labor only in Palestine? Why does he not quote from the official statutes of the so-called Jewish National Fund with regard to the exclusion of Arab labor from the land it owns?


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# Our Rostrum

He denies that the Arabs can be spoken of "as if they were all bound by a single interest, presenting a firm, common front." Why, then, does he permit his readers to assume that this is true of the Jews? Why does he not write one word concerning the cruel oppression that has long been practiced against the defenseless orthodox Jews (who have lived for generations in the Holy Land) by the upstart, godless Zionists, who have even dared interfere in inner religious concerns?

The secular Zionists have no right to speak in the name of the orthodox Jewish masses.

JACOB HELLER

*Dorchester, Mass.*

To the Editor:

In my article, "Arab and Jew in the Holy Land," in your December issue, there were three errors of fact introduced after the manuscript left my hands.

On page 257, the statement that "Britain 'cannot allow the Palestine experiment to fail' because of its strategic value 'in the event of an attack on the Suez Canal'" was attributed to Mr. Leopold Amery, whereas it was made by Major Henry Adam Proctor.

On the same page, it was stated that the "Arab massacre of Jews in Hebron and Safed in 1929" had "violent repercussions in England among Jewish laborites and leftists," whereas my manuscript read "America" for "England."

On page 260, a newspaper dispatch of June 14, 1936, was credited to the *London Times*, whereas it should have been the *New York Times*.

WILLIAM SCHACK

*New York, N. Y.*

THE FORUM *regrets the errors and wishes to point out that the quotation erroneously ascribed to Mr. Amery, a former cabinet member, of course does not express an official policy of the British Government.*

### THE KIDDIES

To the Editor:

Despite the fact that I opened my piece ["Why Have Children?" a debate with Pearl S. Buck, December FORUM] with the tugboat captain so goaded he broke his infant's jaw, Miss Buck either misses or ignores the point. She poses an arbitrary alternative of children as the *fullest expression of love* — or bedlam.

Waiving the deviousness of contending that such a reason for parenthood — which takes into account not at all the feelings of the children — is intrinsically less selfish than the reasons which I listed as motivating the *average* parent, I still search vainly for an answer to my question: Must children necessarily mean the sacrifice of the parents?

The point is this: Beyond a certain saturation point, the care of children becomes a strain that may well lead to even insanity. Too much of the finest of experiences palls, then maddens. It will not do to assume blithely that there need not be too much. The vicissitudes of life — depressions, wars, panics, earthquakes, fires, sickness, to name a few — may prevent the respite that keeps children lovely. They then become a torture, their loveliness — through surfeit — without meaning.

I should take issue, moreover, with such statements of Miss Buck's as: "If the child is not healthy . . . it is . . . nobody's fault but the parents'." "We can do everything about environment." "Nobody needs to have . . . troublesome children. That is just bad management!"

If young couples contemplating parenthood could only be disabused of the commercially profitable romanticism that crowds out a reverent realization of the magnitude of the task confronting them, they might have a less casual appreciation of what joys their children did impart.

JAMES H. S. MOYNAHAN

*New York, N. Y.*

To the Editor:

Pity the poor parents. . . . Mr. Moynahan's description of what happens to breakable objects and manicured hands in a house where there are children is painfully accurate. No less accurate are Miss Buck's epithets for most parents of young children — who are usually, such is Nature, rather young themselves. She calls those who find difficulty in keeping the house neat, clean, and quiet in spite of the children "crassly selfish," "disorderly, disorganized," "beset by . . . fretful revolt" — in other words, children! Adult children — like most human beings under thirty. . . .

. . . Miss Buck would have childish would-be parents remain childless for the sake of the children; Mr. Moynahan, because children interfere with pleasure seeking and brittle belongings. Surely they are both too harsh. Give the young parents a chance. Let their children bring them up!

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

*Arlington, Vt.*

### A MARINE LOOKS AT ANNAPOLIS

To the Editor:

I have read with interest the views of two Annapolis graduates, Mr. James Oliver Brown ["Annapolis — Stronghold of Mediocrity," October FORUM] and Mr. James R. Browne ["In Defense of Annapolis, December FORUM]. . . . Being an enlisted man . . . I felt that my comments might be of interest to you.

. . . . . .

Since the War, at various posts, I have had occasion to come in contact with reserve officers, graduates of the country's finest colleges and universities and men who are unquestionably of breeding and character and accomplished in their respective professions. But the gulf between them and the Annapolis or line-trained officers is glaringly apparent to the rank and file — I can spot a reserve officer as far as I can see him, and, while I naturally respect the rank he holds, I certainly should not relish the idea of going into an action under his command. I should subconsciously question the wisdom of any order that he gave which involved the safety of my shipmates and myself and the success of an operation. . . . Give me a young second lieutenant fresh out of Annapolis, and he will ask for and profit by whatever information my experience could give him; he will respect me and treat me as a valued part of his command upon whom he could rely; but his poise, his executive ability will never for an instant relax; and I in turn will not question the wisdom of any action he takes.

The military establishment is not a literary society. . . . We . . . are not interested in whether the old man is on speaking terms with Plato and Aristotle or not. What we want to know is: Can he outsmart a tight-fisted quartermaster in giving us a good mess? Does he sing out commands at parades and reviews that can be understood and inspire snap and precision? Can he take a landing party ashore with an eye toward the minimum of exposure to enemy fire and plot a sure approach? And, finally, when we have committed an infraction of post regulations and come before him for "office hours," will he see eye to eye with us and mete out justice fairly and impartially? . . . .

CLIFFORD H. SPARKS

*Marine Barracks*
*Washington, D. C.*

### A MALE SPEAKS

To the Editor:

I read with interest and pleasure the article entitled "Ladies in Politics," by John Gordon Ross, which appeared in the November issue of THE FORUM.

I am interested in local and State politics and more or less familiar with the political game and I agree entirely with the conclusions of Mr. Ross. If I were disposed to criticize, I could say only I think he gives ladies in politics a bit *too much* credit, although perhaps they should be encouraged a little. I have heard a great many people comment on this article and I have yet to hear a person disagree with Mr. Ross. I trust we may be able to enjoy more of his articles. . . .

SHERMAN E. WALROD

*Holyoke, Colo.*

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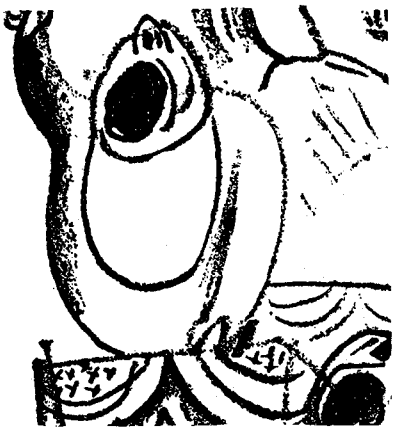

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# TOASTS

**RALPH COGHLAN**, who gives vent in this issue to what he knows about Tom Pendergast, has been living very close to his subject. He is an editorial writer on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the liberal daily which has been fighting Pendergast in the State of Missouri.

**MALCOLM B. RONALD** is Managing Editor of *The Daily Republic* of Mitchell, South Dakota. He has worked for other newspapers in Chicago, Minneapolis, and elsewhere. He is a licensed airplane pilot but flies for pleasure only.

**ELSA GIDLOW** is a native of England and grew up in Montreal. Later she wandered to New York and San Francisco, and in the latter city is now writing and keeping house (but not for a husband).

**LIN YUTANG** left China last August to come to America "for a change." He is staying in New York and will be there for about a year, writing his second book on the philosophy of living.

**MARY M. COLUM**, THE FORUM's book editor and critic, has moved from Norwalk, Connecticut, to New York City for the winter months.

**CHRISTOPHER ROLLMAN** has used a pseudonym in writing, as a businessman, about employing ex-convict labor. He says: "It is not fear of hostility nor a lack of strength in my convictions that dictates my choice to remain anonymous; I want merely to avoid the deluge of nuisance mail that experience warns me would come to my desk."

**GORDON LAWRENCE** is a man of many parts. He has been an assistant in botany at Louisiana State University; taught journalism and lectured on poetry at New York University; helped edit *Natural History;* and been reporter, broker's clerk, copyreader, and market-letter writer.

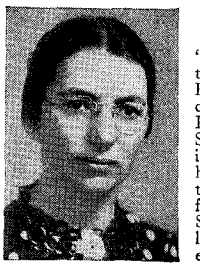
**ELLIOTT CRAYTON MCCANTS** is a native and lifelong resident of South Carolina. He has been teaching since 1886 and Superintendent of the schools of Anderson, in that State, since 1907. He is the author of a textbook, three novels, and a number of articles and short stories.

**RALPH M. PEARSON** teaches appreciation of art at the New School for Social Research in New York City.

**CLIFFORD KNIGHT**, who laid the scene of his prize-winning mystery novel in the Galapagos Islands, has never been there; but his atmosphere is so good that Dr. Beebe of the American Museum of Natural History, to whom we showed the manuscript, gave it his hearty seal of approval.

**ARTHUR GUITERMAN** is one of America's best-known writers of light verse, ballads, folk tales, and nature poems. If you don't know how to pronounce his name, here is a couplet somebody wrote to enlighten you:

*There ain't no better, fitter man*
*Than Mister Arthur Guiterman.*

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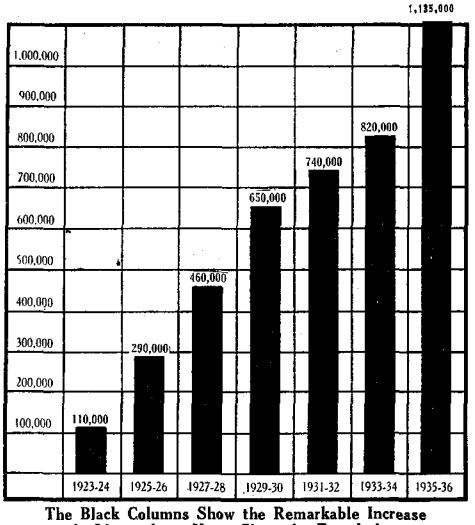


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